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Sunday, July 4, 1937

Guests We Never Invite Again

By the
Brilliant
Satirist
FISH



*Lady Guest Whom You Never Liked Anyway Has Scarlet Fever,
Suddenly—and Upset's Your Social Season*



*Very Thin Lady Guests Who Cramp Your Style by Going to
Your Dressmaker and Having the Same Taste in Clothes
if Not the Fine Figure*



Guests Whose Political Opinions Differ Violently From Your Husband's



Young Guests Who Come Home From a Garden Party Early in the Morning and Are Not Popular With the Neighbors



Bridge Guests Who Always Leave Winning

Anna May's Dainty Toenails



A Bit of Chiseling Starts Off the Semi-Annual Pedicure of the Proud Lady Elephant (She's Only 29) at the Los Angeles Zoological Gardens. Note the Cuticle.

EVERY now and then elephants in captivity must have their nails manicured, and it is a job that no beautiful woman would think of tackling. Trimming the feet of one of the big beasts is an undertaking that requires special training and considerable strength, as the photographs on this page interestingly show.

The ponderous feet belong to Anna May, the pride of the Los Angeles Zoological Gardens. Anna May is a debutante, as elephant ages are judged, being a girl just turned 29. She is very vain about her appearance and likes nothing better than to be washed with a fine hose and scrubbed with a long-handled brush. Twice a year she amiably submits to the manicuring operation and seems pleased with the

result when the job is finished. The first step is to cut away the thick cuticle that grows down on her thick nails. This is done with a heavy chisel and doesn't hurt the beast at all. It's a good day's work to cut away the cuticle on her four feet.

The next operation is to trim the too-long nails. No scissors ever have been made that would snip away the bone-like tissue, so the work is done with a sharp saw. The operator has to be careful and get each nail the proper length. When the sawing is finished the nails are further cleaned up by using a sharp pair of electrician's wire-cutters.

A rough file is employed to smooth off the trimmed nails, and the material



The Expert on Dainty Feet for Elephants Then Goes to Work With a Saw to Pare the Tip of Anna May's Pretty Little Toenails. It Is a Delicate Process.

Of Course, the Job Is a Big Scale Operation, So in Place of the Customary Thin-Bladed Scissors, the Pedicurist Brings Into Play a Reliable Electrician's Wire-Cutter.



is so hard and bone-like that each foot calls for more than an hour of tiring labor. The elephant actually seems to

No Letters Have Passed Between Anna May and This Gay Young Brunette, at the Liverpool Zoo, but Somehow the Word About the Pedicure Has Leaked Out and Liverpool's Vain Princess Monica Demands and Gets a Pedicure, Too.



Now Comes the Fine Work. The File Gently Eliminates the Rough Edges of the Proud Beauty's Nails, Which Are All Ready Now for a Coat of Polish.

ing rounded off.

It may seem a little absurd that one of these beasts of the jungle should go in for polish, but, as the picture at the upper right shows, Anna May gets a complete manure, even to the shine—which is put on with a paint brush.

Elephants are, as everyone who ever has been to the circus knows, remarkably intelligent beasts, and Anna May

The manicurists prefer to work without her assistance, however, and discourage her from being too cooperative.

The large picture in the center of the page is not a portrait of Anna May, but of Princess Monica, the latest elephant at the zoo in Liverpool, England. The Princess gets a manure—or perhaps pedicure—is the proper word twice a year, too.



And Here's the Polish Being Applied with a Cute Little Book. It Looks Suspiciously Like Plain, Ordinary Whitewash.

is unusually bright for her kind. She knows that she is going to have her feet fixed every six months and cooperates fully with the men who are assigned to the big job. If she gets bored with all the seeing and filing she makes the fact known pretty and in a bit of a nut.

Sometimes she even tries to help by blowing the filed tassel away by means of warm air from her serpentine trunk.



Painters and Sculptors Believe These Are the Country's Prettiest Legs. They Belong to Irina Baranova, the Ballerina, 18, Whose Face Is Pretty Enough to Match the Shapely Ankles and Calves.

They Say She Has the Most Beautiful Legs

IRINA BARANOVA, the 18-year-old ballerina of the Monte Carlo Ballet Russe, may or may not have the most beautiful legs in the world, but a committee of American artists and sculptors say she has, and their judgment is supposed to be authoritative in such interesting matters.

Columns of publicity have been written about the famous legs of the French actress, Mistinguett, who, although she is no longer a young woman, still shows off her shapely underpinning for the delight of admiring theatregoers. But when these celebrated pedal extremities, as the Victorians would say, were in their heyday, they had nothing on the legs of the youthful ballerina who is now dancing before American audiences. If the artists who have acclaimed her can be relied upon,

Not only are the Baranova legs perfectly proportioned from ankle to knee and from knee to thigh, but they are things of beauty as well of strength and skill. It is impossible the artists say, to view these legs from any angle which will make them look ungraceful.

Unlike many ballet dancers, Miss Baranova has not developed bulging calves which make her legs look more masculine than feminine. Her muscles in the opinion of her appreciative critics, are more like the muscles of a swimmer than those of a dancer. They are long and smooth and beautifully sculptured. They always appear to be relaxed, even when she is dancing on her toes and taking off a fantastic leap through the air.

This is partly because of the natural makeup of her legs and largely the result of careful training.

The ballerina watched her legs carefully from the time when she was a young girl and went to school to learn the first simple steps of the ballet. After each strenuous practice session she massaged her legs to keep the muscles pliable.

The honor conferred upon the dancer came as something of a surprise to her. She knew, of course, that her legs were far above the average in appearance as well as ability, but she never thought of her underpinning as something for artists to rave about. She took it for granted that dancers should have shapely legs as part of their professional equipment, but she always thought of her legs more as things to get her gracefully about the stage than objects of pleasing beauty, worth nothing for their proportions and molding.

The French go in for applauding legs much more than the English or people in America. Perhaps that is because the Gallic appreciation for the "form divine" is more urgent and outspoken. At any rate, committees of French artists, sculptors, photographers, not to mention laymen, are always staging pageants to award medals and cups to young women blessed with outstandingly comely legs.

It may be that the pains awarded to Miss Baranova will be questioned by other groups of "authorities" who may take it upon

themselves to go in for the pleasant business of studying exceptionally beautiful legs. No one will deny that the ballerina deserves the attention of artists and sculptors, or of the public who watch her graceful gyrations behind the footlights, but there are hundreds of chorus girls working in the stage and in the studios of Hollywood who must be considered, too.

The old saying, "Many are called but few are chosen," applies to most contests intended to reveal pretty feminine legs. Not one pair is a thousand is, in the opinion of experts, worth showing off.

Combining the Art of Sculpture and Painting

THE art critics of the French capital are not quite sure yet whether the eminent painter and sculptor Achille Jacquin has started a new school of artistic expression, but they do know that his recent exhibition of pictures combining painting and sculpture, excited thousands of spectators and many of the ablest artists of the Continent.

As the picture at the right graphically shows, M. Jacquin uses his talents to get striking effects. In the work which he calls "Midnight," he turned out a dramatic scene of a robbery. The background is an oil painting done on canvas. But the companion of the brain committing the robbery is carved from wood. In other words it is a three-dimensional figure which gives the picture depth and dramatic life.

The coat and hat at the left are, like the figure of the robber's accomplice, chiseled from oak. The same material from which the frame is made. M. Jacquin has revolutionary ideas about frames, too. He thinks that they should be an integral part of the picture and not just something that is put around the outside of a canvas.

The other example of the Frenchman's work, shown at the extreme right of the page, is less dramatic than the scene of the attack on a murky Parisian side street, but many of the visitors to the show felt that it showed off the new technique to even better advantage. It is called "Temptation" and shows a cat about to steal a fish from a table.

The table and the things on it were painted. The cat and the frame are carved from wood. As in the other picture, the artist designed the frame to be a part of the picture and to harmonize not only with the thing being painted but with the painted part of the exhibit. As in the case of all departures from orthodox methods, M. Jacquin is not getting by without some adverse criticism for his pioneering. Several of his colleagues, after visiting his show, were most outspoken in their opinions. They paid tribute to the man's skill both as a painter and a sculptor, but they insisted that painting and sculpture do not go well when combined. They advised him not to waste his time doing such

hybrid works of art but to continue to produce portraits, landscapes and still-life studies in oils and water color, and to turn to sculpturing when he felt like it—but to keep these two forms of artistic expression separate.

"Jacquin," said one well-known painter, "is an able artist. I have admired his pictures for a long time. I even concede him the right to experiment, as he has done in this exhibition. But I believe that other artists, like myself, should give him the benefit of honest and intelligent criticism and tell him that his effects are less than he imagines them to be. His new works are clever tricks, but they are not art in the highest sense."

There were critics on the other side of the fence, too, who applauded the experiments and urged M. Jacquin to produce other such studies and hold another and larger show. They predicted that, when he had perfected his new technique and found ways of making painting and sculpture combine even more perfectly, he would have many imitators and make a "genuine contribution to art."

M. Jacquin feels that way, too, and promises another show in about a

year's time. He modestly refuses to say that he has done anything important for modern art, but he insists that his mixture of painting and sculpture is worth a trial.



"Midnight" Is the Title of This Sculpture-Painting by Achille Jacquin, the French Artist Who Sculptures as Well as Paints. The Apache Is a Statue, While His Blain Victim in the Dark Street Is Done in Oil.



Again the Frame Becomes a Part of the Picture, in Monsieur Jacquin's "Temptation," Showing the Hungry Cat Reaching for a Tofel in the Shape of a Smoked Fish.

What Did Mr. Ails Hear in Her Funny Husband's Bedroom?

Mr. Ails Said It Was Only a Phonograph But the Comedian's Wife Didn't See How That Could Put Lipstick on His Face and His Alibi Failed Even Though He Played It for the Judge



Mr. Ails, the Well-known Comedian, Said That the Only Occupant of His Room When the Raising Party Broke in Was Himself, Lying in Bed Eating an Apple and Listening to a Phonograph Record Which They Had Mistaken for a Woman.

"WHO was that lady I heard you with last night?" That was no lady—that was a phonograph record.

This unique version of the familiar, "Who was that lady I saw you with last night?" That was no lady—it was my wife's "joke" was presented to a New York Supreme Court judge the other day by Roscoe Ails, well-known comedian, stage and night club dancer, and at one time in some demand as the father of suggestive lingo. Funny Mr. Ails offered it as the innocent explanation of conversation and sounds his wife and a raising party had heard in his hotel room one night and which they contended had no such innocent source.

It was the first time in divorce history that a phonograph record substituted for the "guilty party," but Mr. Ails was quite serious about it and the judge listened seriously to the record. He was of the opinion, apparently, that a spoken disc and would couldn't carry such a burden of S. A. or sex appeal, so Mrs. Shirley Ails and her party testified as to what they had heard. At any rate, he granted Mrs. Ails her divorce but chivalrously declined to name any co-defendant.

Mrs. Ails was convinced it had been the living voice of Miss Betty Lewis, her husband's attractive dancing partner, that wafted through the transom of Roscoe's room, muted but heavy with love. Roscoe did not deny that it was Betty's voice, and she in fact admitted it. But he said she wasn't there when her voice was. What Mrs. Ails and her raising party heard was only a mechanical echo made in a respectable, sound-proofed recording studio while the couple were chaperoned by an studio engineer. He made it to record an act he was trying to sell. He meant to send it around to producers, like authors send manuscripts.

But the first thing to become plain when Mr. Ails played the record for the judge was that a suspicious wife, listening through an open transom, could justifiably believe her husband wasn't behaving himself very well. The phonograph ground out this:

Ails: "Oh, darling, what gorgeous shoulders you have. What is that I see?"

Betty: "A freckle."

Ails: "Well, you're walking. Darling, you're gorgeous, you're lovely—do you love me?"

Betty: "Yeah, man."

Ails: "What kind of an answer is that? Look at me darling, bent at me with your eyes. (Sound of a kiss) I'm mad about you, you—you—you weigh about one hundred and ten. Your kisses burn."

Betty: "You're not too big."

Ails: "Darling, since we met, I can't eat. I can't sleep, I can't drink."

Betty: "Why?"

Ails: "I've got no money."

Betty: "Darling."

Ails: "There, cuddle up again. Let me tell you something—you're so shapely darling. Tell me something. Do you believe in the hereafter?"

Betty: "Oh, yes."

Ails: "Well, that's what I'm here after."

Mr. Ails Giving His Wife a Great Big Kiss When They Were Married.

sleep, as was his nightly custom. While engaged in these wholly innocent occupations, the raising party had broken in upon him. What a surprise to him! But also what a joke upon Mrs. Ails—ha-ha! Now wasn't it?

But Mrs. Ails and her raising squad which had included herself, her brother, her sister, Fritz Arnold and Anna Jacoby, and a detective, had different ideas about it. In the first place while there might have been a phonograph in the room and it might even have been going, they said that when they broke in upon Roscoe, his mouth was smeared with lipstick.

"And that kind of record doesn't come out of a phonograph," they argued.

In fact, the whole story they told in court differed considerably from that told by Roscoe and Betty, who was in court, too. Aunt Fritz Arnold said that it had all been very embarrassing, and that she was one of the most embarrassed in the group, but she wasn't too embarrassed not to remember what she saw and heard.

It all began, said Aunt Fritz, when Shirley learned that her husband had moved out of his own hotel and into the hotel where Betty Lewis had an apartment. This seemed a suspicious move to Shirley, who last year had sought a legal separation and alimony from Roscoe, but unsuccessfully. He had kicked her, thrown a mirror at her and punched her, she said. He said he hadn't kicked her, that it was she who had thrown the mirror and that the punch had been really a slap and "all in fun."

It seemed even more suspicious when she discovered that Roscoe had Room 91-A, while Betty had Room 91, across the hall. This might be, of course, only a coincidence, with no raucous implications then again it might not be. A peep into Roscoe's room—or Betty's—at the right moment ought to settle the question.

What would be the right moment? Obviously when Roscoe, filled with a sense of security, had settled down for the night. How could they know when that was? The hotel was the best place to find the answer to that. So the party went to the hotel very well. I saw her coming out of that room and

And after awhile, said Aunt Fritz,



Mrs. Ails Satisfied Smile When She Heard the Verdict on the Phonograph Ails.

they saw Mr. Ails walk across the lobby with a big red apple in his hand. Instantly Mrs. Ails knew the right man had come. It was Roscoe's habit to eat an apple every night before going to sleep. It meant that his mind was at rest and the career that had infested the day had faded their tentacles and slithered away, as the poet Longfellow once put it. It made it as plain to Mrs. Ails that Roscoe was about to go to bed as it had appeared in his pajamas, wound up the clock and put the cat out.

They gave Roscoe a little time to settle down to his apple and then went up to the floor where he had his room. They snuggled behind an angle in the hallway where they could watch his door and Betty's. Unhappily many number of persons who have never had the experience are curious about how a matrimonial raising party operates. Mrs. Ails' Aunt Fritz was quite minute in her description.

"It was around a quarter of three in the morning," she testified. "The door of Room 91 opened and Miss Betty Lewis came out of that room and I knew her. I know her very well. I saw her coming out of that room and

Miss Betty Lewis, Who Admitted That It Was Her Voice on the Phonograph Record, But Denied She Was in Mr. Ails' Room When His Wife Surprised Him With Her Raid.

she tipped into Mr. Ails' room. She wore a thin nightgown, and a little negligee over her nightgown. It came down to halfway between her ankles and her knees. We went over to Mr. Ails' room, and we couldn't very well know what they were talking about because it sounded like they were mumbling. The transom was open all the way and the light was on. The light went off. They were laughing and I heard her voice. She was giggling and I heard them talking. Then, the private detective knocked on the door.

"Mr. Ails said, 'Go away, Joe!'" continued Aunt Fritz, but nobody explained why Joe might have been, "and the detective knocked again. Mr. Ails went to the telephone and called the clerk and said there were some people outside his room annoying him. The elevator boy came up and the detective asked him for his key. The elevator boy said he didn't have a key and went down and got the manager of the hotel. The manager said he would have us up out because we were making too much noise."

"Then Mrs. Ails spoke up and she said, 'I'm his wife and I want you to open his door. I have the right to demand that.'"

"He evidently didn't think so be-



But Members of the Raising Party Testified That, While Hidden Around a Corner, They Had Seen Miss Betty Lewis, Mr. Ails' Dancing Partner, Tiptoe Out of Her Room and Enter Mr. Ails' Room Opposite.



Mr. Ails Gallantly Shielding Miss Lewis From Photographers After a Session in the Divorce Court and Carrying the Phonograph Upon Which He Blamed Everything.

cause he wouldn't open the door. There was quite a lot of commotion and the detective went down stairs with the manager and elevator boy and this all had taken place in about twenty minutes after the first knock.

"Then the door opened and as it did we saw Miss Lewis run across in front of the door. Where she ran, we noticed later, was into a closet in Mr. Ails' room. Mr. Ails was sitting on the bed and he had on pajamas and he had lip rouge all over his mouth. When we entered the room he said, 'We were rehearsing.' His hair was all mussed up."

"We looked around and tried the door to the closet, the only one in his room. My nephew (Mrs. Ails' brother) pulled the door. He couldn't open it up. It didn't give."

Roscoe denied all this and so did Betty. Roscoe swore that even though their doors were so close, she hadn't been in his room that night nor any other night. Betty on the witness stand echoed his denials.

On the night of the raid, said Roscoe, he and Betty had gone to a grill after finishing their act at the Park Central Hotel. About 2:30 Betty went home. Roscoe hung around for another half-hour, went home too, got his apple, undressed, and turned on the phonograph record.

"I wanted to check up on our timing, elocution and inflection," he explained. "Then there came a knocking on the door."

It was his wife's raising party.

"Here," said Roscoe, "is what she heard."

quill needle instead of a steel one. It was very low. The judge had to strain his ears to get it, and the court stenographer had to have her close to hear. Mrs. Ails' lawyer raised the point, after making Roscoe admit that he always played it that way, that of Mrs. Ails raising party had heard it that way, who has our close amplifiers in their ears. Everybody denied they had carried these magnifiers along. And they said they had heard it mainly out in the hall.

The judge, after much thought, decided that it must have been a living woman and in the end at the time Roscoe said that he said that voice must have been that of a woman whom he had not mentioned in this court."

And so Mrs. Ails got her divorce and alimony out of Roscoe under the New York law, which says only one cause for divorce, but without the other woman being named and with the phonograph record as a witness.

Roscoe's an interesting chap. He has had trouble with his wives and dancing partners before. When Shirley met him, that's the wife who just divorced him, his dancing partner was Kate Pullman. Kate had a baby and named it Roscoe, daughter of Mrs. Ails. She named it Roscoe Cleveland Ails. Mr. Kate was proud of the baby and regarded Roscoe as his father. She named it Roscoe Cleveland Ails. Mr. Kate was proud of the baby and regarded Roscoe as his father. She named it Roscoe Cleveland Ails. Mr. Kate was proud of the baby and regarded Roscoe as his father.

But even before that Roscoe was credited with being the papa of another eccentric baby. That was little Vera Burnham, daughter of Mrs. Grace M. Burnham, wealthy Greenwich Village settlement worker who refused to name the father.

When reporters asked Mrs. Burnham if Mr. Roscoe Ails wasn't the father of little Vera, she asked: "What is that name?"

"Roscoe Ails," chorused the reporters. Roscoe swore he had never even heard of Mrs. Burnham. Yet the credit still clings to him.

"What is Roscoe Ails a patent medicine?" asked Mrs. Burnham. Roscoe and Betty left court together, the phonograph under his arm, and battling against the photographers, the photograph here shows how successfully. They insist it is a good act even if it didn't get much of a hand at court.

Progress of The Bathing Suit Recorded in Town's Archives

LIKE many another community set beside the sea, Santa Cruz, California, invites non-residents of the place to come and enjoy the sunshine and the bathing. In other words, it's a resort and has a chamber of commerce that advertises the charms and advantages of the town with appropriate illustrated literature.

When the officials of the chamber were discussing their current booklet—which usually has a fetching picture of a bathing beauty on the cover—they browsed through the files to see how the job had been done in other years. And they discovered, to their amusement and enlightenment, that their publicity matter depicts the progress of the bathing suit for the last couple of decades.

The photographs in the center of the page show, at the right, the 1937 model, whose delightful likeness graces the current booklet intended to attract people to Santa Cruz. The damsel in the center, who now looks a little on the staid side, was the "last worst" as recently as 1925, and her suit was just "the thing" that season. The remaining figure in the center picture gave the males on the beach something to feast their eyes on back in 1929. Today such a get-up would attract attention, too, but no young woman would think of wearing such an outfit, because it looks very much out-of-date.

Going back a bit further, to the years just before the turn of the century, the beach outfits that women wore were voluminous affairs that made swimming something of an ordeal. Such a suit is shown at the extreme left of the page. Nowadays women don't wear as many clothes on the street. In those days it was considered bad taste to display much of "the form divine" at the seashore. The entire anatomy was swathed in a bodice and skirt with enough material to make a small tent. Sleeves were long and the top fitted close about the neck. And, to be doubly sure that the ensemble wasn't "indecent," the skirt was augmented by a fulsome



Figures From Posters Issued Annually by the Santa Cruz Chamber of Commerce, Showing the Progress of Styles. That on the Left Was Worn in 1925. The Center Suit Is Reminiscent of the Happy Days of 1929, and on the Right Is This Year's Fitting and Very Fetching Model.

pair of bloomers that reached below the knee. Legs—then adroitly called limbs—were modestly covered with stockings.

As a matter of fact the wearer of the 1890 bathing suit was not completely dressed because she had "daringly" removed her bathing shoes.

The powers-that-be in the Santa Cruz Chamber of Commerce learned something by poring over the booklets they have issued to inform people that their community is a fine place to spend a vacation. The pictures in their files constitute a graphic record of the gradual change in beach fashions and in public morals. Palm Beach, Atlantic City, Old Orchard and a hundred other watering places count, if they dig through their files, compile a similar picture of the interesting progress of the bathing suit.

The photograph at the extreme right of the page is the current Miss Santa Cruz. Her name is Cynthia Curral and her picture will go all over the country as a potent advertisement of the sights and pleasures of the California seashore resort. She's glad, she says, that she doesn't have to be as uncomfortable and unsightly as her predecessors on the covers of the Santa Cruz booklets.

The gentlemen whose job it is to see that people in other parts of the country are kept informed of the improvements of Santa Cruz have come to the conclusion that the modern bathing suit is not eye-filling proof that people in the mass have become less "moral," but that the populace has gradually taken a sensible attitude about bathing outfits.

"We are," said one of the members of the Chamber of Commerce, "a nation of sun worshippers, and very little of the energy of old Sola ultra-violet rays found its way through the following attractions that women were once forced to wear. The one-piece bathing suit is one indication that America is growing up."



A Closeup of the 1937 Costume, Which Causes Some Puzzlement About What Kind of Style Will Be in Effect by 1950.

Retribution At Last for the Killings By "Two-Toe," the Merciless Wolf

THE ranchers in Spring Creek Valley, North Dakota, have at last captured Old Two-Toe, the slyest and meanest wolf that ever holed up in the leiges of the Killdeer Mountains. For years this marauder had been feasting on lambs, calves, turkeys and chickens and, in spite of all efforts to catch up with him, avoiding traps and bullets. But his life of crime is over now and the ranchers had the satisfaction of taking him alive. They are not going to let Two-Toe off with the penalty of sudden death; they're going to keep him chained up where they can watch him suffer loss of freedom and where he, the culprit, can see all kinds of proof that he can't get at.

Of all the wolves in the North Dakota badlands none, in recent years, did as much damage as Old Two-Toe, and none was more bloodthirsty and destructive. This beast, when on the rampage, would kill more than he could possibly eat. Ranchers, after one of his visits, would find their poultry houses splattered with blood and cluttered with the carcasses of dead birds.

When this wolf padded down from his lair in the Killdeer Mountains to satisfy his voracious appetite he was in an ugly mood. Tired and again ranchers would find a dozen sheep ripped and torn by the fangs of Old Two-Toe when they knew that he



The Limestone Rock Lair of Two-Toe Is Shown Above. He Lived Under the Rock on the Right, and Was Too Wary to Fall for Traps. Two-Toe Is Shown at the Right After His Capture, Brought About by His Absorption in a Lamb, Which the Marauder Never Got a Chance to Desecrate.

could not carry away more than one animal. The head got its name because the tracks it left showed that, on one of its paws, all but two of the toes had been chewed off or injured so

that the other toes didn't leave a plain mark. It was obvious, too, that old Two-Toe was somewhat larger than most members of his breed in this part

of the country and endowed with guile to match his strength and speed. Dozens of traps were set for this scourge. At one time or another the

ranchers got together, followed the wolf's trail and went up into the mountains to bring him back, dead or alive. But Two-Toe was too smart for them. It seemed that the killer had even picked his rocky haught with cunning, for he couldn't be snared out either. Some of the hunters who were outsmarted by him suspected that there was a "back door" to the lair.

Perhaps the wolf grew careless in his old age, or his nose lost something of its remarkable keenness. Anyway, Old Two-Toe walked into a heavy wolf trap the other day and the toothed jaws snapped on one of his legs as he was trotting along a trail with a young lamb in his mouth. He thrashed about mightily and kicked up a lot of dust and he was still trying when a couple of roughrider axw the commotion.

The lamb was too far gone to save and Two-Toe didn't get to eat the warm flesh and drink the blood. He was hauled, scaring and kicking, to a nearby ranch.

A specially heavy chain and a collar stout enough to hold a bear were fastened to Old Two-Toe—and it was a job that his captors wouldn't want to do every day. A stake was driven deep in the ground. The wolf paced around and around it, refusing to make friends, waiting for a chance to get back to the mountains.



Mrs. Susan Palmer, 85, Shown in Her Kitchen at Ogden, Utah, Into Which a Tree Has Been Growing for 10 Years, Necessitating the Gradual Cutting Away of the House.

Tree Gradually Wrecking Her House

WHEN Mrs. Susan Palmer, of Ogden, Utah, celebrated her eighty-fifth birthday recently, one of her guests was a tree that has shared her home with her for forty years. The woman could, of course, have had the tree removed before it appropriated valuable space in her kitchen, but she likes this one in particular—and just has carpenters and stone masons come in from time to time to make alterations in the dwelling so that the tree "can continue its gradual wreckage."

Mrs. Palmer's home was built by her father, who was one of the pioneer settlers in Utah. As time went

on it became necessary to enlarge the original building. A small box elder tree was in the way of the new addition but the woman refused to let the carpenters cut it down. "Go ahead," she said, "and build around it. There's no sense in ruining a tree."

Forty years ago the tree was a sapling and didn't take up much room, but as time went on it flourished and every other Spring some

citizens holding out his empty pants' pockets to show that he is broke.

When the statue was put in place there were many citizens of Dresden who looked at it in amazement. They were well aware that Mr. Hitler and his band of stragglers are not much given to furnishing laughs with their politics and, especially in nations which have to do with financing the government's audacious program. They expected that the sculpture

before most of them were born. She is a real pioneer who, with her father and mother, five sisters and four brothers, walked from Omaha, Nebraska to Salt Lake City in 1860. The family took a pack cart along with them to carry their worldly goods. Once in awhile a tired member of the family would climb up on the pile of possessions and "hitch-hike" for a few miles.

The family settled in Salt Lake City but stayed there only about five years before pulling up stakes and settling in Ogden where her father, a skillful stone mason, built the home that she has lived in ever since, with a tree for company.



The Statue of the Tax Payer, Which Recently Was Erected Over the Office of the Revenue Department in Dresden.

Aiding Insult to the Tax Payer's Woes

THE Germans, like Americans and Britons and the citizens of La Belle France, are struggling along these days under a heavy burden of taxes. The rearmament program of the Hitler regime has been more expensive than anyone not in the highest councils of the country can estimate, and the bill has to be paid by the tax payer.

Shelling out a great share of one's hard-earned income is a business that hasn't much, if any, humor in it, but in Germany, of all places, an attempt has been made to be funny about taxes. Beside the entrance of the tax office in the city of Dresden the government has placed the statue shown at the right. The work of art is exactly what it appears to be, a citizen holding out his empty pants' pockets to show that he is broke.

But the monument struck which meant that it had the approval of the Nazi officials and in a way, there is sound sense behind the figure. The income tax payer is not registering protest or anger because the taxes, presumably have cleaned out his supply of ready cash and is smiling and taking the situation with obvious good nature.

Growing Bumper Crops Without Any Soil

Remarkable Results of "Dirtless Farming" by Which, With a Few Cheap Chemicals, Vegetables, Flowers and Even Fruits Can Be Raised in Water, Sand or Sawdust in Small Spaces All Year Round, Independent of Climate and Immune From Most Bugs and Blights



A Large and Healthy Tomato Plant Growing From a Pot of Sterile Sand Saturated With the Necessary Plant Food Chemicals by This Method, Which Many Prefer to Water, the Chemical Solution Drops From the Jar at the Right.



Russia, in Its Anxiety to Increase the Food Supply, Is Experimenting With "Dirtless Farming," and the Photograph Shows an Enormous "Dirt-Raised" Smaller One in the Girls' Right Arm. (Sovphoto.)



It Is Possible Even Now to Raise Some Vegetables in a Properly Lighted Closet, and As the "Dirtless Farming" Progresses, Indoor Gardens Such as These May Be a Part of the Apartments Where a Wife Can Go to a Closet and Pick Her Own Fresh Tomatoes for the Table Right Off the Vine—And Other Vegetables as Well—All Growing From Tanks of Chemical Solutions.

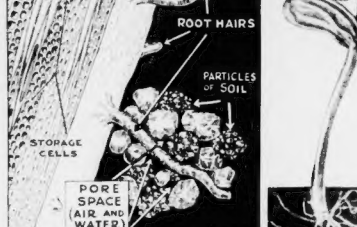


Diagram Illustrating How Plants Feed in Soil Under Natural Conditions. The Necessary Food Elements Are Dissolved From the Surrounding Earth and Are in Thin Films of Moisture Between the Granules of the Soil Where the Hair Roots of the Plant Seek Them Out.

EVER since Bible days the farmer has been supposed to earn his bread by the sweat of his brow, but not the "dirtless skyscraper farmer" whom chemists now are getting ready to create, and, indeed, have already created on a small though practical scale.

It has been found that plants can be grown without any soil in water, sand or sawdust, by the addition of a few cheap chemicals which contain all the food they need. Such plants, which include most vegetables, flowers and even fruit trees, produce crops many times greater than similar ones grown in the fields, are independent of the seasons, droughts or excessive rains and free from most bugs and blights which harass the dirt farmer. The space taken up by the tanks and jars in which they are grown amounts to only a fraction of that needed to grow a crop in the open.

It is this economy of space which has given the new farmer the name of "skyscraper" as well as "dirtless." Rooftops of city houses as well as the tops and terraces of higher buildings can be used for it. And dirtless farming is possible in apartments themselves, just as many households used to have potted plants of culinary herbs which were really tiny bits of farms.

It is possible that in the future city gardens will be a feature of city apartments, in which, equipped of course with the proper lights, tomatoes and other vegetables can be grown and be picked fresh from the plants for the table.

The principle of dirtless farming is a simple one, within the range of almost any intelligence. A man is the product of what he eats, and so is a plant. It used to be thought that roots had little mouths which chewed and ate the soil. Less than a hundred years ago it occurred to a German scientist to find out if this were so. He took some plants and carefully weighed the dirt before he put them in pots. After a year he took them out, weighed the dirt again. There was only a slight loss of weight and almost all of this could be accounted for by washing out. Clearly it wasn't the soil that was the plant's food. Then what was it?

What plants feed on is the soil solution, certain chemicals dissolved from

the earth in which the tiny feeding roots find in films of water between particles of the soil and a sort of This is all they need, and if given this food solution in proper quantity and quality, it doesn't matter to the plant if it grows in water, sawdust or sand or any other sterile stuff. A man can eat as well without dishes as from them, and a plant can eat as well without soil as with it, provided the food is there. "Dirtless farming" provides the food and does away with the dishes which, in the case of a plant in the soil.

This matter of soil solution was one of the greatest discoveries made by the scientists who have been investigating the chemistry of soils and crops. Years ago, Dr. Frank K. Cameron, now of the University of North Carolina but then a scientist in the United States Department of Agriculture, wrote a book to prove that the chemistry of the soil solution is the vital item in the raising of crops.

Every farmer knows that the soil is wet and soggy after a rain. What is less common knowledge is that good agricultural soils always contain a proportion of moisture in the form of thin films of water surrounding each tiny sand or clay or loam particle of the soil and sometimes partly filling the spaces between these particles. Naturally this soil water always is in contact with the mineral particles of the soil itself. Each of the soil minerals dissolves slightly in this film, so that the soil moisture never is pure water but a solution of various chemical compounds.

And that is why the soil solution is so important. Plants absorb through their leaves two of their daily requirements. One of these is light. The other is the carbon dioxide gas which the leaves extract from the air and use to build into the sugar which then becomes the plant's chief food.

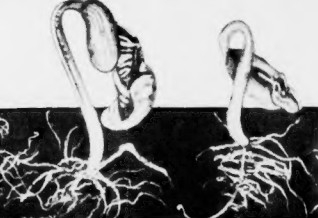
But all plants need certain other substances. Water is one; others are the various mineral or other salts which go to build the plant's body.

Some of these salts contain potassium, others phosphorus, still others the forms of nitrogen called nitrates. Unless a natural soil is exceedingly fertile, the amounts of these substances in the soil solution may not be great enough for the needs of large and rapidly-growing crops. That is why the commercial fertilizers are necessary.

In any event, the tiny rootlets of the plants spread by millions through a fertile soil, so that all these rootlets are bathed in this film of the soil solution. From this solution, rather than from the particles of soil themselves, the rootlets absorb the food materials that the plant needs. If there is no soil solution, no ordinary plant will grow, which, indeed, is exactly what does happen in desert sands or soils where there is not enough water to make and maintain the film.

One of the chief reasons for plowing and other forms of soil cultivation is to keep the soil in such physical condition that there will be enough of the food solution but not too much of it. If a soil is completely saturated with water, as when it is flooded, the solution is likely to be too dilute or have other chemical peculiarities which make it unsuitable for plant growth. Also, the roots of many kinds of plants require a little air. Under other circumstances, some of the bacteria or other living creatures of the soil may be needed and may be drowned out by too much water.

It would be quite true to say that successful farming depends chiefly on the farmer's ability to keep in the earth of his fields just the right amount of solution and just the right chemical composition of the substances in it. Plant feeding is not a matter of eating anything in the ordinary sense, it is a matter of drink-



Germination of a Bean, Showing the Progressive Root Growth.

ing. And what the plant drinks is the chief item in the plant's success and ability to produce crops.

Nearly thirty years ago in the laboratory of Professor Burton E. Livingston at Johns Hopkins University, Dr. J. W. Shive, now of Rutgers University, New Brunswick, N. J., studied the exact compositions of chemical salts which could be dissolved in water to give the best possible artificial solution for the growth of wheat plants. Since then, other solutions have been worked out to suit the best growth of plants of many other varieties. Just as ordinary dirt farmers find that one kind of crop tends to prefer a special kind of soil, so Dr. Shive and the other laboratory experimenters found that each plant tends to do best in a special kind of artificial solution.

More avoidance of dirt is not, however, the only advantage of the water-culture method, or even the chief advantage. The most useful thing which the water-culture method does is to give the dirtless farmer perfect control over all of the conditions under which the crops are growing.

The farmer has very little to say about what happens in actual soil. The composition of the soil solution is controlled by such things as the amount of rain, the dryness or humidity of the air, the accidental chemical composition of the earth and so on. The temperature depends on the amount of sunlight, the accidental weather conditions and similar features. Even the amount of the useful carbon dioxide gas in the air is something which the farmer cannot control.

Another great difficulty of practical dirt farmers is the germs and similar living creatures in natural ground. Some of these are beneficial, others are extremely harmful. For example, there ordinarily live in soils germs of certain lovely fungi which delight to

attack the tender seedlings just sprouted from the seeds and to produce what farmers call rot. So harmful are these fungi on many occasions that agricultural experts actually have urged the sterilization of soils such as doctors sterilize cloths and instruments before a surgical operation.

To do anything like this in a natural field is enormously troublesome and expensive. Farmers very seldom try it. But on a basis of raising crops in water, such sterilization becomes extremely simple and all such fungous diseases disappear. In addition, the chemicals bathing the plant's roots can be controlled exactly as the dirtless farmer wishes. Naturally, the yields of flowers, vegetables or other crop materials obtained by the dirtless farmer are much larger than in ordinary farming and are obtained much more quickly.

Practical use of dirtless methods for plant growth began in California about two years ago. There the water culture was being developed by Professor W. F. Gerike, of the University of California, and Dr. Arthur C. Pillsbury, of Berkeley, Cal. Both have raised vegetables and flowers on a commercial scale and Dr. Pillsbury considers anything less than ten times the normal yield of a crop plant as a failure on his dirtless farm. Crops of potatoes as high as 2,800 or 3,000 bushels an acre have been obtained, against an average yield of potatoes on ordinary farms of about 100 to 120 bushels an acre. Similar large yields are reported with tomatoes for five cents more a pound than normally grown ones.

Of flowers, begonias responded most satisfactorily. But gladioli grew to six and seven feet, and lilies or Mexican flame lily, ordinarily a foot high, reached five feet with blossoms eight and nine inches in diameter. Although plants grow larger and faster on the Pillsbury chemical farm, the time it takes to reach maturity is about the same as on dirt farms.

Dr. Pillsbury uses tanks some six inches deep, screened with wire netting which netting then is covered with a thin layer of excelsior, loose straw or any similar material. Roots of the sprouted seeds go down easily through this covering and enter the chemical solution below.

At the New Jersey Agricultural Experiment Station, New Brunswick, N. J., where perhaps the most important experiments in dirtless farming are being carried out, the sand culture method is preferred to that of water culture. These experiments are under the direction of Dr. Shive and Dr. W. R. Robbins. They say that both sand and water cultures are fed the same solutions, though they prefer sand because it can hold the plant and does away with artificial supports like wire netting. In addition, the sand lets air in freely to the roots.

They make no secret of what is contained in their solutions and here are the ingredients for anyone who wants to try some "dirtless farming":

- Monobasic Potassium Phosphate, 27 grams.
- Calcium Nitrate, 16.3 grams.
- Magnesium Sulphate, 16.5 grams.
- Ammonium Sulphate, 1.7 grams.

These ingredients are salts which can be bought in any drug store. Each salt must be dissolved separately in one quart of water. Then the four solutions are mixed together and more water added to it to make up five gallons.

As most plants need minute amounts of iron, boron and manganese, the following chemicals should be added to the above solution:

- Ferric Sulphate, 0.8 grams.
- Boric Acid (crystals), 0.5 grams.
- Manganese Sulphate, 0.8 grams.

These three chemicals should be dissolved in one pint of water and kept in a stoppered bottle in a dark place. Four drops only of the mixture should be added to each quart of the first solution just before using it on the plant.

The five-gallon solution will last from twenty to forty weeks as each plant pot requires from one to two pints of the solution a week. All the chemicals for making this solution do not cost more than about ninety cents, but the buyer must be sure to get the right quantity of each ingredient and only chemically pure salts. Substitutes will not work. For example, diatomic instead of monoatomic potassium phosphate or powdered boric acid instead of crystals are useless. If sand is used, there must be drainage, as in ordinary flower pots.

Drinking Milk?

AT last science has found a clue to why milk may cause indigestion or diarrhea, it is French. It is French, it is reported to the French Academy of Medicine in Paris that there are at least four kinds of milk, and that these roughly correspond to the four types of human blood. Whenever a person drinks milk that is not his or her type, stomach trouble begins.

Often such a person will change to another milkman, and sometimes this results with good results. But the old milkman is unjustly blamed for having sold impure milk. Actually it may have been good milk, but in light of the new French discovery, no milk can be expected to agree with everybody.

On the other hand, if the milk sold by the new milkman also does not agree, it does not signify, as so many persons have supposed, that they "just can't stand milk." It may be that they never drank milk of their own type.

It is true that one may be unable to drink any milk whatever, but this is rarely the case. There is, rather, a personal intolerance for several kinds of milk, and there usually is one kind that will agree. The incompatibility of certain types of milk has long been suspected but only recently confirmed. In this respect it greatly resembles the "blood feud" existing between different types of blood.

At first the blood of animals was transfused to the sick, just as the milk of animals has been imbibed for nourishment for thousands of years. But the first was too often fatal. Then transfusion of blood from man to man were made, and these were also often fatal. Even the ancient Egyptians practiced such transfusions, but they did not know why their patients sometimes died. One of the earliest European operations of this nature on record took place in 1492, when attempts were made to save Pope Innocent VIII. The needed transfusions cost the lives of three youths, but the Pope died, most likely because the young bloods were not his type.

Not until 1907 did a Scandinavian named Jansky find that there are four definite groups of blood, and that a selection of the right kind of blood donor is necessary in each case to prevent the subtle clash of types that might mean death. His discovery was suitably accepted, and it now rarely happens that there is a partial transfusion of mixed blood in the patient's veins or arteries. Thus it was that we had the blood of every doctor driven to use transfusions to save a patient.

In the same way it may only be a short while before the complaint of "milk on the stomach" no longer occurs. Even cold milk may now be the terror it now holds for many.



A Scandinavian, Jansky, Found That There Are Four Types of Blood. Now It Has Been Learned That Unless the Proper Type of Milk Matches Each, Indigestion Results.

and insomnia as a result of taking milk before going to bed will be a thing of the past.

Dr. de la Reviere and his associates suggest that mixing the milk of different types of cows is the worst thing that could be done to the gentle beverage, the resulting "kick" might be fatal. Yet scientists have gone still further and know that even a mother's milk may be almost a poison to her own infant.

In some cases this intolerance is so extreme that a drop of the mother's milk placed on a scratch on the baby's arm will at once cause inflammation. Yet hospitals nowadays collect and store quantities of mother's milk for feeding infants after they are weaned. The supply of various wet nurses, white and colored, fat and thin, is indiscriminately put together and sold by the pint.

This is the milk that infants get when they are not yet able to stomach cow's milk, and when their mothers are unable or unwilling to feed them personally. For some persons have long been suspicious of this method, because the milk from human beings is so variable. The proportion of its elements in breast milk from the same individual sometimes so varied is it, especially in proteins, that differences appear in the milk not only of different women, but also of the same woman at different times.

In view of this it is not surprising that Dr. de la Reviere asserts there are four kinds of mother's milk, one of which by inappropriate children upsets them. Such milk apparently will need to be "typed" in advance, so that a child need not suffer ill effects by drinking milk to which it is sensitive.

The basis for the doctor's conclusions is a hidden relationship between the blood and the mammary glands. Blood types determine milk types, and such types exist not only in human beings but also in animals. This may mean trouble for one who drinks milk from a cow without first matching it with his or her own blood and body.

Bairies may in the future have to separate cows into four groups, and supply each customer with not just a certain grade of milk but also a certain type. Thus it may come about that some persons actually will receive "A-1" milk, because "A-1" would refer to the grade, and "1" would refer to the Jansky type.

The milkman or a dairy representative may have to learn how to take blood-tests, and it might even be necessary for him to be graduated from a medical school before he could leave bottles of milk at the door. Canned milk might bear the legend, "not to be used without a doctor's prescription."

Dr. de la Reviere may prove to be the new Pasteur of France, and may by further experiments can be established as the discoverer of the problem of milk types. The importance of which one can appreciate when he moved only by simultaneous researches in clinical medicine and the science of serums.

Crime Tricked the Cleverest Health Out of Germany

IT'S a grave crime now to take money out of Germany. It is a crime, in fact, and lately even death sentences, face those who are caught. Still, to the distress of officials, money keeps escaping, and this is a serious matter for the government. The law against taking money abroad was passed in order to keep the value of German money from falling.

The entire German financial structure might crash if the thousands who are not satisfied with the way Hitler is running things were to leave the nation with their fortunes in their pockets and purses. Jews (Chalchols, liberals, socialists and even aristocrats would like to leave the country, but it is no joke to give up one's home and savings and start all over again. For this reason many hesitate and hope that there will be a change for the better.

But others cannot stand the fear and suspicion they have about enough of Hitler and are willing to risk their fortunes. They try to take with them what is theirs, feeling that there will be a change for the better.

But now, however, the customs officers know all the ordinary tricks and as a result they are not so easily fooled. They cannot be used safely any more. Still, the daring and imaginative few are ready to take a chance.

There is a story of a man who had a small fortune, but before he broke a law, he became a desperate smuggler. He was a clever fellow, but because they are born criminals, he was not a very successful one. He was not a very successful one, but because they are born criminals, he was not a very successful one.

Those most successful in getting away with their money are the ones who are not caught. They are the ones who are not caught. They are the ones who are not caught. They are the ones who are not caught.

Hitler is so proud but which has proven to be just as clever for doing things he has declared "Verboten." Almost every day the government is learning about new ways that have been invented to get money past the boundaries, and often the discovery comes only after large sums have already been removed from the country by new tricks.

One man invested 800,000 German marks in French bonds. After a time he reported that he lost the bag containing the bonds and certificates in some inexplicable manner during the confusion of having the home redecorated. He secured an official certificate recording the loss, and at once wired the French company that had issued the bonds, requesting them to take the customary steps to annul them.

Then he hurried up all the bonds. It looked as if he was losing his life savings up in smoke, but it must be remembered that he had a certificate of their loss. This he took to France and presented to the company that issued the bonds. The company announced that new bonds would be issued if the old bonds were not claimed in half a year.

When the time was up the company re-issued the bonds and handed them over to the man who could prove his loss by the document. Thus he found himself out of Germany but in his fortune. He was safely in France with his bonds.

In one instance an entire group of Germans managed to get away with a fortune worth about \$100,000. They arranged to have some one else, a Polish peasant, buy some horses at a favorable price. Then the group bought useless and decrepit steeds in Germany and sent them to Poland. They fed with a small quantity of corn per cent of gold, and when the horses stopped eating, more were forced down their throats.

When the man in the post office heard that this was a matter of life and death to those who fed the creatures. Then the animals were taken across the frontier to Poland, and the officials were shown the bill of order from the Polish dealer. They arranged to have some one else, a Polish peasant, buy some horses at a favorable price. Then the group bought useless and decrepit steeds in Germany and sent them to Poland. They fed with a small quantity of corn per cent of gold, and when the horses stopped eating, more were forced down their throats.

The danger lay in the fact that after they were in Poland, most of the poor beasts soon died. The rest were sent back to Germany, and the group of men then open the horses and got back their gold.

AN EPIDEMIC of dog bites, which has been spreading for several years, is now being reported by the American Medical Association. Evidence that the season's toll will be unprecedented has been found in the number of cases of bites already reported. Chicago's record is typically ominous, with an increase of more than 50 per cent over the number of dog bites last year.

Of course, not all dogs that bite people in the summer time are mad. But many of them are. In fact, the number of rabies infection is about as great as the increase of dog bites over those of last year. This means that in Chicago, for example, 56 per cent more dogs have been found to be infected this year than last. The disease has also become more common in some of the Southern States.

The way in which rabies infections work is still a mystery to some. The disease seems to develop in dogs most readily in the summer time. Stray animals which are not controlled often "run amok" and bite everything they find in their path. They bite other dogs and so spread the contagion very easily.

Even house-bred dogs are bitten when they wander out of doors, and house dogs with rabies are especially dangerous. They are especially dangerous because they are so close to the man. The stray mad dogs because they are around more people.

Every year doctors are puzzled to find that more dogs go mad than the year before. But the American Medical Association thinks it knows why this is so. One reason for honoring Louis Pasteur, the distinguished French bacteriologist of the 19th century, was his development of a

the wealthy man used the government itself as his ship and money-bag. He left his wife with a Berlin lawyer, a personage of importance in the Nazi administration, with the instructions plainly written on the envelope that it was "Not to be opened until after my death." He told the lawyer that his fortune was being left to his two nieces in Germany. Then he moved to a town in Switzerland, saying that it was necessary for his health. There he went out of his way to get acquainted with members of the German Diplomatic Corps. He made friends with the German consul and one day at dinner looked gray and sick so that the consul could not help but comment.

In reply he told how one of his nieces had eloped from home with a Jewish boy and disgraced the family. He was going to punish her for this wickedness, he said, by leaving her out of the will. Could the consul, on his next official trip to Germany, drop by at his friend the lawyer's and bring back his will? He would write a note to the selector explaining matters.

The consul was glad to be of service, and the following month he brought back the story of the girl's disgrace. The lawyer was indignant that such a fine fellow should have been so shabby. He decided to help the niece, and gave the will to the girl, who returned to her home in Switzerland. In consequence, the girl was not a wife, but a package of bank notes, worth \$500,000 each.

One German with a mechanical turn of mind turned all his capital into tools by the ingenious device of having his brother-in-law, a blacksmith, make him a complete set of safe tools out of pure platinum. Then he drove his car over the border and had it transported to England, where he sold the tools at practically no loss.

One wealthy old couple fooled the mimics of Herr Hitler by the use of the psychology of which the dictator is so contemptuous. They made elaborate preparations for a trip long before they took it and made their exit from the country as if they were planning to go to the country for good.

Then they wrote an anonymous letter to the customs office, denouncing themselves as would-be saboteurs. According to the letter they were going to take their money out of the country in a case of plaster of Paris in which the old woman's leg would be set. The letter was so worded that the woman would produce a false medical certificate stating that her leg was broken.

Then the old people started on the journey to Paris, with half a dozen, they had no money. Both of them were nervous manner, especially before the customs officials. They were examined by an official who had the letter by the document. They found themselves searched everything with great care, but no money or valuables could be found. Then he commanded the lady to take off the plaster cast, revealing on the point of hysteria, she fainted in his arms and fainted out the medical certificate which she had and a broken leg and had to leave the cast.

The official smiled knowingly and with none too gentle a pressure of his hand, he took the lady's arm and led her to a room where she was to have her leg set. The lady screamed with pain and threatened legal action. Not only was there no money in the plaster, but anybody could see the leg had been broken.

A week later they were back in Berlin, and two weeks later they again went to Paris, this time with only two francs and no more in their bags than the ridiculous stipulated allowance for ten days. The lady's leg was still in the cast, and she glared at the officials, who this time dealt with her as briskly as possible. They did not more than glance at her leg. The official did not dream of taking off the cast again. Yet in this time were half a million marks. The couple who had used their money to travel, they have now had a good comfortable home in Germany.

Immediate confinement and attention by a skilled veterinarian for every dog which shows signs of sickness during the summer is a valuable precaution. It is necessary to prevent the disease from spreading, and might even save the life of some person, perhaps a member of the family. Treatment for dog bite should be immediate. The dog must be examined for evidence of hydrophobia. Then if quick protective treatment of the persons bitten is made, the hydrophobia after is usually curable.

The dog must be kept at least for the disease to develop, but once it does so, it is too late to do anything about it. The lives of many communities now require that dogs which bite people be sent at once to an approved laboratory for a hydrophobia test. But prevention is often the best cure, and this is true of hydrophobia because treatment is curable.

Rabies is a disease in which individual efforts are relatively helpless unless aided by the full machinery of social organization. The public health officials, the police, the veterinarians and physicians should take steps to combat this threatening situation at once if a considerable number of unnecessary deaths is to be avoided.

Giant Emus of Russia

IT WOULD be a strange sight to see horns running around almost as tall as the farmer's wife, but that is what is about to happen in Russia. The name of this giant hen is emu, well known in all the zoos and to crossword puzzle experts, and one of the most awkward birds under the sun. Chubbier than the ostrich, it stands five feet high in bare feet, which happen to be three-toed, big and fat. Its legs, with bulging knees and ankles, can hardly be called graceful, and those vast wings into a body covered with brown, stuffy feathers, so that it looks like a bushel of hay.

This astounding bird, which lays green eggs the size of artichokes in nest-like scratches in the sand, is to be the "stomach dinner" in Russia in the near future. The "Russian chicken" is being domesticated rapidly for this purpose at experimental farms, according to no less an official authority than Dr. Peter Mantelid, director of the scientific section of the Moscow Zoo.

This creature of a biped hails originally from Australia, where its meat is relished by the natives, although nobody else there is known to touch it. A hairy creature, it lives on roots, garbage, leaves, waste meat, fish or any other kind of cheap food.

This makes the emu a desirable food for Russia, where famines are so frequent. It costs little to feed and, on the other hand, its body is the size of a young calf, a baryard of emus would be enough to carry a small village through a famine. When the Volga dried up, the emu was found that not only the meat but even the eggs of the emu can be eaten, they began to consider it as a substitute for the chicken, ideally suited for the plains and steppes.

The emu, which is easily tamed, took to Russia the way a duck takes to water; it didn't seem to care whether the garbage it ate was Russian or Australian. Then the scientists got to work to make emu meat more palatable. They worked out special recipes that would flavor the eggs and meat enough to permit the emu to be eaten, without a revolution against the emu, and soon the green eggs will be on every table, and light and dark emu meat will be a popular dish, so the scientists hope.

Such chicken-raising Russians as remain wary of the emu's meat may be subjected to severe penalties and the new generation will be taught that to eat the emu is patriotic and the duty of the good citizen. Children will be told that the emu is better than the chicken, because it makes less noise. That is the emu doesn't crow at break of day and disturb the slumbers of the people, and this is probably a good thing.

Although it is technically a bird, the emu's feathers seem to be made of a material that is like a piece of paper, and it is so light that it can be blown away by the wind.

One Emu Would Fill a Whole Delicatessen Showcase. If Provides Much Meat, but Is Not as Palatable as Chicken. It Has Been Found Ideal for the Ordinary Menu in Russian Homes.

quite useless. It cannot fly with them, and they are as slow as to have no ornamental value to dress up in feathers during the mating season. All it does at that time is to attract a mate, by showing its wings and tail feathers. An army is said to travel on its stomach, and no doubt a Russian soldier able to digest emu meat will be able to withstand any hardships that a war may bring. Seriously, however, since for practical purposes the emu is as good as the hen, and since it is better to eat emu than to starve, the fantastic fact is in Russia to stay.

The use of the new bird, however, may put the entire Russian system of food distribution. Instead of a dozen eggs, a single emu egg will be bought, and this will be enough for breakfast for a whole family. For this purpose, larger frying pans will be necessary than have been manufactured heretofore.

The contents of eggs may even be sold by the gram, out of eggs opened at the store. Canning also will become a problem, because the color, thickness and size of the egg shell will make it hard to tell good eggs from bad. The canner will have to be very big and burn brightly to be effective at all.

One of the favorite Russian holidays is Easter, at which many eggs are used. In Russia, however, the children. Many a Russian family may be unable to afford a single colored egg now that they come so big. On the other hand, those who can buy them won't have to bother dyeing them, they are as colorful as the eggs of the Easter.

Three-minute eggs will be out of the question, because it will take longer than that for the heat to penetrate so many inches of albumen to reach the yolk, for the smallest of the emu eggs is five inches long. As for the emu itself, slaughtering it will be almost as much trouble as if it were a swine.

Then it is plucked, and quantities of excellent fat are removed. One of the main values of the bird is that its fat can be used for many things. It will take a great deal of oil to keep such big birds from getting fat, and it will not be used right away. Display windows at butcher shops and delicatessens will be taxed to capacity, for a single showcase will just about hold one emu.

To gather eggs from emu houses, not baskets but two-ton trucks will be needed, and not delivery boys on bicycles but moving vans will have to be called into service to bring the emu to the door. Large letters will be needed to hold a single piece of leg, breast or wing.

Of course, those who haven't the transportation and cooking facilities for such a stupendous undertaking can always order 10 or 12 pounds of an emu's leg and have it cut while they wait at the butcher's. It was said, however, that the Russian people will be able to handle the emu dish as the actors, who dread the day when ham will be rewarded with the hurling of huge emu eggs, rotten to the yolk, and very bad to eat.

It is a pity that the emu is not a more useful bird. It is a pity that the emu is not a more useful bird. It is a pity that the emu is not a more useful bird. It is a pity that the emu is not a more useful bird.

Plague Of Dog Bites This Season Say Doctors

AN EPIDEMIC of dog bites, which has been spreading for several years, is now being reported by the American Medical Association. Evidence that the season's toll will be unprecedented has been found in the number of cases of bites already reported. Chicago's record is typically ominous, with an increase of more than 50 per cent over the number of dog bites last year.

Of course, not all dogs that bite people in the summer time are mad. But many of them are. In fact, the number of rabies infection is about as great as the increase of dog bites over those of last year. This means that in Chicago, for example, 56 per cent more dogs have been found to be infected this year than last. The disease has also become more common in some of the Southern States.

The way in which rabies infections work is still a mystery to some. The disease seems to develop in dogs most readily in the summer time. Stray animals which are not controlled often "run amok" and bite everything they find in their path. They bite other dogs and so spread the contagion very easily.

Even house-bred dogs are bitten when they wander out of doors, and house dogs with rabies are especially dangerous. They are especially dangerous because they are so close to the man. The stray mad dogs because they are around more people.

Every year doctors are puzzled to find that more dogs go mad than the year before. But the American Medical Association thinks it knows why this is so. One reason for honoring Louis Pasteur, the distinguished French bacteriologist of the 19th century, was his development of a

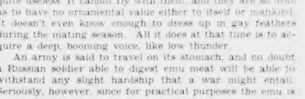
vaccine for rabies. Before his discovery those who were bitten by mad dogs had no choice but to die. It is said that the vaccine is a valuable precaution. It is necessary to prevent the disease from spreading, and might even save the life of some person, perhaps a member of the family. Treatment for dog bite should be immediate. The dog must be examined for evidence of hydrophobia. Then if quick protective treatment of the persons bitten is made, the hydrophobia after is usually curable.

The dog must be kept at least for the disease to develop, but once it does so, it is too late to do anything about it. The lives of many communities now require that dogs which bite people be sent at once to an approved laboratory for a hydrophobia test. But prevention is often the best cure, and this is true of hydrophobia because treatment is curable.

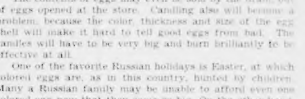
Rabies is a disease in which individual efforts are relatively helpless unless aided by the full machinery of social organization. The public health officials, the police, the veterinarians and physicians should take steps to combat this threatening situation at once if a considerable number of unnecessary deaths is to be avoided.



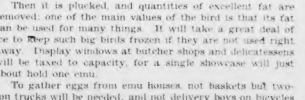
One Emu Would Fill a Whole Delicatessen Showcase. It Provides Much Meat, but Is Not as Palatable as Chicken. It Has Been Found Ideal for the Ordinary Menu in Russian Homes.



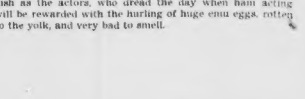
Plague Of Dog Bites This Season Say Doctors



Plague Of Dog Bites This Season Say Doctors



Plague Of Dog Bites This Season Say Doctors



Plague Of Dog Bites This Season Say Doctors

Miss Muriel Oxford, English Beauty and Hostess of the Gay Party on the French Liner, Who Saw Vosper Go Out Onto the Veranda of Her Stateroom, From Which No One Ever Saw Him Return.

The watchman on the ship, William Bowen, told detectives that about 1:45 in the morning of that cruise he had heard a suffled pop-which, he said might have been a knocking steam-pipe, a distant gun-shot, or any one of a number of things. Bowen made an extra tour through the ship in an effort to find out what had made the noise, but heard nothing further. De-

Another recent disappearance of Frank Vosper, playwright who, in clothes and with a hat, stepped out of the queen's Muriel O'Leary Paris boudoir in England and was found again. An hour later, in Plymouth and five miles away on the naked body was found of Seven Sisters.

Photograph of Captain Wandersleben, Head Yeasty slumped in the Cabin of His Schooner Yacht and Taken Immediately After He Was Murdered, and Before Anything Had Been Moved or Disturbed.

Photograph Taken Several Years Ago
of Charles F. Keene, Who Disap-
peared Recently From the Potomac
River Night Line Ship "District
of Columbia."

Vosper's teeth were knocked out. It is almost impossible that this could have been done by the propellers. If the blades had come that close to Vosper's head they would have smashed his face. But a thug with a blackjack might have struck him such a blow, grabbed the \$25,000 from his pockets, stripped the man hastily so that even if the body were found it would be hard, or perhaps impossible to identify it, and then dumped him out of the

Wanderwell had recruited a "paying crew" each of whom he made give him \$150 "to guarantee their passage home if they jumped ship at any foreign port," to make a voyage around the world. One member of the crew was the famous Lord Edward Montagu whose exploits have made news for years and who wrote the story of his life for *The American Weekly* not long ago.

About four days before the unseason-

Halifax towing a sloop.

In the small boat Captain and Mr. Brown, who had been on ship. They had all in. In most, and other seamen on the Thomas Bram, and Brown, each of other of the triple

It developed that

ler, out of Boston.

Through This Window Plunged the Washington Broker in the Early Hours of the Morning. Later Mr. Keene's Body Was Found, a Bullet in His Brain and Tied Around

murders at sea
ago when the
Fuller put in to
all boat behind it.
of the ship, and
Cash, and another
second mate of the
being killed by the
ship's captain, Ma
Seaman Charley
horn accused the
bridge.

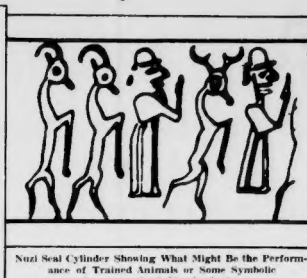
The Herbert Full
carried a pas



A Seal Found in Tulpunnaya's City Showing a Game Hunt. One of the Pastimes of Her Fellow Citizens.



Another Division of the Nuzis Which This Ancient Hittite Green May Have Enjoyed—Either a Theatrical Performance or a Religious Rite.



Nuzi Seal Cylinder Showing What Might Be the Performance of Trained Animals or Some Symbolic Ceremony, Probably the Latter.



Curious Engraving of Tulpunnaya's Day With Grotesque Males and Combat of Lions.

THE late Hetty Green, whose many adventures did not prevent her from piling up the greatest fortune ever amassed by a woman, had a couple in the Mesopotamian city of Nuzi about 3,500 years ago.

The Nuzi Hetty was named Tulpunnaya, and if believers in reincarnation could read the bricks which record how she amassed her wealth and the constant court fights she enjoyed over contracts and other shrewd deals, they would undoubtedly say Hetty was Tulpunnaya reborn after thirty-five centuries.

Nuzi was a Hurrian city. The Bible calls the Hurrians both Hittites and Hittites. They were slick traders. Laban, see Genesis ch. 29, who made Jacob work seven years for his daughter Rachel and then cheated him out of seven years more by putting Leah, the wrong daughter, in the marriage bed on the wedding night, lived in a Hurrian city under the Hurrian law. This Jacob, who had suckled his brother Esau out of his birthright, was established by Laban. So it will be seen that Tulpunnaya had to be very good indeed to win against such competition, as was she invariably did.

The history of the Hetty Green of Nuzi is well known. It is of 4,000 bricks which lay in the ruins of the city from 1500 B. C. until they were dug up by the late Professor E. Chiera in 1926. They were deposited in the Semitic Museum of Harvard University and were recently translated by Dr. A. Epstein, Professor of Semitics at the University of Pennsylvania, and Dr. Robert H. Pfeiffer of Harvard University, and their translations published in the Journal of the American Schools of Oriental Research.

While Hetty of New York dealt in stocks and bonds and money, Hetty of Nuzi had the additional commodity of human chattels with which to do business. She drove hard bargains and other she haggled money shrewdly was a philanthropist compared to her.

True, a man did not enslave himself when he borrowed money from Tulpunnaya, he merely contracted to work for her fifty years, pay back what he had borrowed and then could work some where else if he wanted to. But when it was a girl, Tulpunnaya reserved the additional right to lease her over and over again, to prospective husbands even "to the eleventh husband."

This seems to have been considered the limit in Nuzi.

And whenever Tulpunnaya went to court she always carried a little brick to bring down the bird who brought her debts, a neat little brick on which was inscribed a waterproof, foolproof contract.

But, although like New York's Hetty, Tulpunnaya was covetous and liked lawsuits, she rewarded servants who were faithful and submissive. She employed a great number of slaves to keep track of her numerous financial deals by which she managed to acquire many orchards, farms and virtual slaves to look after them.

The Hurrians had some peculiar laws, and after they had conquered the land these laws down heavily upon land-owners. For example, it was not legal for a man to sell his lands, but he could "adopt" the real buyer and then bequeath the land to him. This was a convenient device for other shrewd transactions, and Tulpunnaya used it over and over again. By this same subterfuge of "adoption for a price" free women could be "adopted" for marriage to slaves, or even sacred prostitution. Widows and childless old people "adopted" men of wealth, transferring all their possessions to them and getting in return support for their remaining years and a decent burial—a form of annuity.

But it was a scheme by which the rich got richer and the poor got poorer. In fact, it soon reduced the small landowner with his family to the status of slaves.

This practice, which he said, "Woe unto them that join houses to house, that lay field to field, till there be no place, that they may be placed in." (Isaiah 58.) This was written far later than the time when Tulpunnaya and the Hurrians were practicing their form of courtship at Nuzi, so it was evidently a common custom.

The Prophet Amos said, "This saith the Lord, for three transgressions of Israel, and for four, I will not turn away the punishment thereof, because they sold the righteous for silver, and the poor for a pair of shoes." (Amos 2:6.)

When a poor artist in desperation dared to challenge the claims of the wealthy advantage in a court of law he was confronted with well authenticated contracts or affidavits and with oral testimony. Defeated in his claims, he was not only obliged to fulfill his obligations but became liable for pecuniary compensation, writes Dr. Pfeiffer.

The thirty-one tablets having to do with the affairs of Tulpunnaya were found in the mound, or temple district, of Nuzi. Her father's name was Irusharru, Shulthanaya, and while the father is mentioned only once, the mother's name appears wherever a legal document is necessary in a legal document. The mother is also referred to in a previous transaction, so it is plain that the women of this family were the important side of the house.

In acquiring real estate, such as orchards, it was Tulpunnaya who was adopted by the seller. But in the acquisition of girls for the purpose of marrying them off for other a price, or for their offspring, the process was reversed, and Tulpunnaya was the adopting party.

The harsh way in which Tulpunnaya did business in human chattels, always within the law, is shown in one most unusual "adoption," which means adoption, or voluntary slavery agreement. This is translated as follows, by Dr. Pfeiffer:

"Document of 'adoption' of Arlu, for detennatu into the house of Tulpunnaya daughter of Shulthanaya. He caused himself to enter. Ten most of barley, one ox, one sheep, two talis of sesame oil and one cloth Arlu received from the household of Tulpunnaya. In exchange for these goods he shall remain on the estate of Tulpunnaya for fifty years. On the day when those years have expired Arlu shall return to the estate of Tulpunnaya the goods listed in this tablet, and shall go away."

"If Arlu complains he shall pay a fine of one mina of silver and one mina of gold to Tulpunnaya."

An "in" is a dry measure and the same as the "bomer" of the Bible. Literally "in" means "one donkey load." The "bomer" of the Bible has been more or less fixed at 60 gallons. A "talis" of oil was about 4 1/2 quarts.

In the Hurrian money table, 60 shekels made a mina and 60 minas

Hetty Green of 3500 Years Ago

Archeologists Reveal Tulpunnaya, Remarkable Woman of Ancient Nuzi, Her Real Estate Operations, Financial Deals and Almost Constant Court Fights



Rubical Incident of the Meeting of Jacob and Rachel at the Well, Her Father Laban's Hard Bargain of Seven Years' Service as the Price of Rachel's Hand Was a Part of the Same Hurrian Law Which the Hetty Green of Nuzi Used to Acquire Slaves to Work Her Farms and Orchards.



Curious Clay Figure of an Animal Found Among the Tablets. Significance Still Unknown.

made a talent. The "mina" was equal approximately to one pound of any metal such as gold, silver and copper. What was its equivalent in modern money none knows.

Tulpunnaya's main business enterprise, however, seems to have been in dealing in slave girls. Her profits in these transactions were not alone in the price she received for the girls from the men who married them, but in any offspring of these marriages as her Tulpunnaya's slaves. How firmly she bound these girls and how "light" were the conditions, is evidenced in the following:

"Document of daughtership of Shitanka daughter of Hahlabanu, now herself and her brother Hanu son of Hahlabanu into the daughtership to Tulpunnaya daughter of Irusharru he gave. And Tulpunnaya will give away Shitanka in wifehood. If Tulpunnaya is so inclined she may give her to a slave, and if she is so inclined she may give her to a talin, a talin was a farm hand and, likewise, Tulpunnaya is so inclined she may make Shitanka into a harlot, but as long as

Tulpunnaya is alive she shall feed her. If ten of her husbands have died in that case to an eleventh into wifehood she shall give her. If Shitanka should break the agreement and leave the house of Tulpunnaya, two minas of gold to Tulpunnaya she shall pay. And if Shitanka should cause her brother Hanu, who leaves the house of Tulpunnaya, the conditions are the same."

Four documents have to do with a girl named Kisaya, and with this household, named Tulpunnaya almost met her match, but in the end Tulpunnaya won because she had the Nuzian law on her side. First is the document where Masimutka, the mother, gives her daughter, Kisaya, into "daughtership and daughter-in-lawship" to Tulpunnaya, which says:

"And Tulpunnaya shall give Kisaya into wifehood to whomsoever from among her slaves she chooses. If her husband should die, to another man she will give her. If the second man should die, to a third man she will give her. If the third man should die, to a fourth man she will give her, and if the fourth man should die and so

forth. The belongings of Kisaya shall become the property of Tulpunnaya. And as long as Kisaya is alive, the house of Tulpunnaya she may not leave. If Kisaya breaks the agreement and leaves the house of Tulpunnaya, one mina of silver and one mina of gold to Tulpunnaya she shall pay as fine."

But Kisaya had a mind of her own. Soon she was at law with Tulpunnaya, despite the former contract. The little brick records:

"The tongue of Kisaya before these witnesses to Tulpunnaya spoke as follows: 'Why to Masimuta the upstart into wifehood have you given me? Remove me from Masimuta and give me to Artya son of Awishkita into wifehood.' And upon this her declaration Kisaya to Artya son of Awishkita in wifehood was given. And in the evening of the gate of Tontona the transfer was verily made and her word was made binding to the effect that Kisaya was given in wifehood to Artya."

"Upputu" may have meant baker. Tulpunnaya was not to be outwitted

by this stubborn girl who took Artya as her husband, despite the written contract, for in the next document she claims her profit, the son of the two lovers.

"This Kisaya, daughter of Artya and wife of Artya, the slave girl of Tulpunnaya. As for my son Inzishup whom I bore to Artya, now to Tulpunnaya I have given him." And Tulpunnaya has cut off the hem of Kisaya. If Kisaya breaks the agreement and raises claims against Tulpunnaya concerning Inzishup, Tulpunnaya shall retain Inzishup as heretofore and Kisaya shall furnish Tulpunnaya for Lulu women."

The act of cutting off the hem of the garment to bind a contract, was usually performed by the person entering into the obligation. Here, however, Tulpunnaya cuts off the hem of Kisaya's garment herself, to make certain, and keeps the hem as an additional guarantee that Kisaya will not back out of the bargain.

The reference to "Lulu women" is most curious. Dr. Epstein points out. These women were slaves from the "mountain country." They were the most sought after of slaves because of their beauty. They were the aristocrats of the Circassians whom the Turks bought and sold for the same reasons as the Nuzites.

The lot of the slaves was not as severe as might be thought. Although they worked for their masters, they were allowed to own property of their own and engage in business on their own account.

Other tablets show slaves having to do with the many interests of Tulpunnaya, and translated by Dr. Epstein, these light upon the times in which this woman flourished was flourishing and making business for the scribes and judges with her many lawsuits.

Especially do they explain the Biblical incident in the life of the Patriarch Jacob that has long puzzled commentators: why Laban, the father of Rachel and Leah, was so anxious to get back his household gods that Rachel stole.

Bible readers will recall that years after the shifting of Jacob's wives, referred to at the beginning of this article, Jacob's wives were afraid of Laban, his father-in-law, Rachel stole her father's household gods, or, as it is written in Genesis, ch. 31, verse 19: "And Laban went to shear his sheep, and Rachel had stolen the images that were her father's."

Laban pursued Jacob and asked him: "Wherefore hast thou stolen my gods?"

And Jacob answered, saying, according to Gen. 31, vs. 32: "With whomever I have sojournest thy gods, let him not live. I fear Jacob, lest he should take them."

Dr. Epstein has pointed out that the Hurrian law, gleaned from bricks found at Nuzi, offers a simple explanation of Laban's perturbation. The possession of his household gods, or images, insured possession of Laban's property to the person having them.

Before Rachel's marriage to Jacob there was not much she could do to prevent her exploitation by her cunning father. However, as soon as Jacob's servitude was over, she took matters into her own hands, and according to Hurrian law, she took possession of Laban's household images, which insured her possession of his property as long as she held them.

Type of the Tablets Found at Nuzi Which Carry the Story of Tulpunnaya's Business Deals.

Puzzling Outbreak of Savagery Among St. Bernard's Dogs

Monks at the Historic Swiss

For the Unprovoked Killing of a Child by One of the Life-Saving Animals, and Only Their Past Record Saves Them All From Execution



The Statue Erected Over the Grave of St. Bernard's Dog, "Barry," at Aachen, Germany. The Dog Had a Record of 40 Lives Saved.



An Old Engraving Showing Two of the Dogs in the Monastery at St. Bernard, in Switzerland, Saving a Traveler Who Has Fallen Exhausted in the Snow.

St. Bernard's dogs are famous for their life-saving work. They are trained to find lost travelers in the snow and bring them back to the monastery. The dogs are also known for their loyalty and devotion to their masters. In the past, they have saved many lives, and their record is well-known throughout the world.

The monks at the historic Swiss monastery of St. Bernard have been accused of a shocking crime. One of their dogs, a St. Bernard, is alleged to have killed a young child. The monks claim that the dog was provoked, but the public is outraged. The dog's past record of saving lives is being questioned, and the monks are facing the possibility of execution. The story is a shocking tale of savagery and the loss of a young life.

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Lord Halifax's Reminiscences

A Collection of Astonishing Premonitions and Eerie Cases by Sir The Round-Face



The Duchess of Devonshire, Mother of the Marquis of Hartington, Who Wrote Lord Halifax of His Experience in Meeting the Ghostly Monk of Bolton Abbey.

This account is prefaced by the following letter to Lord Halifax, dated April 29th, 1883. The signature of his correspondent has been cut away.

"Knowing your fondness for an authenticated ghost story, I send you the enclosed. It was told to the Bishop of Hereby by Mrs. Brooke, wife of Major Alfred de Vere Brooke, Royal Engineers. When we received it we thought that could any corroboration be obtained it would be as well, and so the evidence of the nurse (C. E. Page) was got and we have it. Should you wish for it, it is at your service."

WHEN my husband was captain and adjutant of the Royal Engineers at Chatham, we were invited to spend a couple of nights with some friends at Wrotham, an old place of historic interest about eight miles from Maidstone.

We arrived at Wrotham House only just in time to dress for dinner and were immediately shown

THE RT. HON. VISCOUNT HALIFAX, Lord Privy Seal of the present British Government, and formerly Viceroy of India, was left a curious legacy by the late Lord Halifax, his father. It was a collection of reported experiences with ghosts, of startling dreams, of vivid premonitions that came true and other unearthly happenings.

Spooks are usually said to be found wandering about old castles and making their appearance to the present-day descendants of the ancestral owners. Lord Halifax knew all the titled nobility and had visited many of the old castles reputed to be haunted by a spectral visitor, and it was from these acquaintances he collected the stories.

Each episode is a complete and perfect short story. Every story is authenticated by the name of some eminent and reliable person who vouches for the fact. The present Lord Halifax has prepared these curious documents for publication, and they are printed here today and will be continued on succeeding Sundays.

Statement by Lord Hartington
On Sunday, August 18, 1912, on going up to my room at the rectory of St. Mary's, I distinctly saw a figure standing at the door.

It was dressed in nondescript clothes and was more or less clean shaven.

I was at the top of the staircase, looking down the passage in which mine was the end of another light, but on going up again the figure had disappeared.

The ghost had been the subject of a conversation that evening at which I had not been present, and I was not thinking of it.

(Signed) HARTINGTON
(Witnessed by the King (the late King), the Duke of Devonshire, Lord Desborough.

Letter from the Duchess of Devonshire to Lord Halifax

WILL you tell Lord Halifax that Eddy (Lord Hartington) will send him an account of his ghost? He seems to be the same man who was seen two or three times by the vicar, but the vicar's ghost wore a brown dress and Eddy declares his man's was dark gray or black.

Eddy's ghost had a round face—no beard, but what he described as a rough face. When we asked the vicar afterwards if his ghost had a beard he said, "No, but he looked as if he had not shaved for four or five days, and his face was very round."

The Diabolical Laugh of the Little Gray Man of Wrotham

to our rooms. These were at the extreme end of a long passage up a short flight of stairs in a distant wing of the old house. The bedroom, which was large, was not connected with the dressing-room, which was a few paces down the passage. The fire appeared to have been lighted only a few seconds before and the room was so cold that I begged my husband to fetch up the robes we had left in the carriage, as I thought we should need them at night. This he did.

After dinner we went to a Penny Reading at which we had been invited to sing and act, and on returning, as a number of people had come in to supper, dancing was proposed, with the result that it was nearly two o'clock before we retired to bed.

Neither on that night nor on the next one, when we again danced until a late hour, did we get any rest. In spite of the fire and of our furs we were horribly cold and my husband even went so far as to declare that he would never sleep in the room again. We attributed this intense cold to damp mattresses, and to the fact that probably the room had not been used for some time. Neither of us thought that it was due to any supernatural cause.

In the following Spring Captain Brooke and I, with our little girl, aged five, had been invited to Wrotham for a week. My husband was unable to leave his duties, but urged me to accept the invitation for myself and for the child, who had been ill and would, we thought, benefit by the change.

Accordingly we went there, taking the nurse with us, but remembering my previous experience,

I wrote beforehand to ask that our rooms might be thoroughly warm and the mattresses aired. We arrived at Wrotham on a Saturday, intending to stay till the following Saturday. Finding that the rooms allotted to us were the same as those which I had occupied with Captain Brooke, I arranged that the nurse should sleep in the dressing-room and the child with me.

That evening I sat up very late talking to Lady M. and her daughter. I remember that as we passed through the hall on our way to bed, a large old-fashioned clock on the stairs struck one o'clock and I noticed that it was Sunday morning.

The instant I reached my room I was struck by the vault-like coldness of it and anxiously approached my child to see if she felt it. She appeared to be perfectly warm and was sleeping soundly, but for more than an hour after I had lain down beside her I shivered and shook with cold.

At eight o'clock on Sunday morning the nurse came in with a white face, red eyes and frightened looks. When I exclaimed at her appearance she told me she had had a very bad night. Up till one o'clock someone had been playing practical jokes in the passage, "opening her door, laughing out-side and then going away and coming back."

"Why did you not lock your door?" I asked. "I tried twice, but the reply, 'but soon afterwards it was opened again.'"

I quite thought she had been dreaming and rallied her about what she had eaten for supper. She went over breakfast, from which she returned, looking excited.

"Oh, ma'am," she said, "is it not too bad?"

These rooms are haunted and the doors can never be kept shut before one o'clock."

It appeared that the servants had excited her suspicions by questions as to what sort of a night she had had and had then told her she need not be afraid another night as she had only to leave her door open and nothing would happen. I told her that it was very unpleasant, if no more than that, and that I would make inquiries. On the way back from morning church I questioned Lady M. about the house, asking which was the most ancient part and so on, and whether there was a haunted room. A look of intelligence flashed from my hostess to her daughter and back again. The latter then said:

"Yes, there is a haunted room, but we will not tell you which it is, as you might imagine things."

"I think I know already," I replied, "and my nurse was frightened by the ghost last night."

They would vouchsafe no further information on the subject, but offered to let their under-housemaid sleep with the nurse if she were feeling anxious. This I agreed to, and when we were going to bed I told the girl to leave the door of the room open and to go to sleep without thinking of any foolishness, as, of course, ghosts did not exist.

I undressed and sat down by the fire to analyze my own feelings. I must insist that I was not in the least nervous or uneasy, only rather curious as to what might happen. I made up the fire, locked the door, and took the further precaution of putting a chair under the handle. At first I thought of sitting up to watch, but, being tired, I at last went to bed and to sleep.

The Thin, Pale, Melancholy Face of the Apparition in the Flowing

Lord Halifax's interesting correspondence concerning the spectral phenomena in the Hotel du Lion d'Or at Lille, France.

YOU expressed a wish to know what credit might be given to a story, a garbled version of which, after a lapse of between thirty and forty years, appeared recently as a "true ghost story." I will accordingly state the facts as they were recalled to me about a year ago by an old friend of mine, a daughter of the late Sir W. A. Court. She sent me the album in which the story had been written, requesting me to read it and let her know if there was any truth in it. She had been intimate with my mother and the whole family, and since she had never heard the matter mentioned she could not believe that it was true.

I will now give you the facts. My father and mother, with myself, my sisters and one of my brothers (the other, Harry, too young for the university and was nearly head boy of Westminster), went abroad in the late Autumn of 1865 or 1866. We children were supposed to be learning French, and after we had visited two or three towns in France our parents decided to make a rather longer stay at Lille. Besides finding the teaching particularly good there, we had letters of introduction to some of the leading families in the neighborhood.

The first lodging we had was very uncomfortable and my father soon began to look about for a house. In due course he discovered a very large and well built residence, to which we took a great fancy. We were told that we could rent it at what was a remarkably low figure, even for that part of the world. Accordingly we took the house and moved into it without delay.

About three weeks later I went with my mother to the bankers with a letter of credit, which we cashed. As the money was paid in large silver pieces we could not take it with us and the banker offered to send his clerk. He asked our address, and when we told him that our house was in the Place du Lion d'Or, he looked surprised. There was, he said, nothing there that would suit our family except indeed a house that had been long unlet on account of a ghost that walked about it. (Thus he said quite seriously and in a natural tone of voice.)

My mother and I laughed, but asked the clerk not to mention the spook to the servants; and as

we were walking home my mother remarked in fun: "I suppose, Bessie, that it was the ghost which woke us up by walking about over our heads."

I was sleeping in the same room with her and on three or four nights we had been awakened by a slow, heavy step overhead, which we thought must be one of the men-servants walking about. Our staff consisted of three Englishmen—a footman who had been with us for years, a coachman and a groom; three Englishwomen—my mother's maid and housekeeper, my mother's maid and every maid. All these English servants returned to England with us and never had any idea of leaving us. The other women in the house were French, and so were the butler, the cook, the footman and Louis (a boy who came home with us).

A few days after our visit to the bankers, having been again awakened in the night by steps overhead, my mother asked Cresswell, her maid, who it was who was sleeping in the room over us, and she replied:

"No one, my lady. It is a large empty garret." A week or ten days later, Cresswell came in one morning after breakfast and told my mother that not one of the French servants were talking of leaving because there was a ghost in the house.

"Indeed, my lady," she said, "there is a very strange story about a young man who was heir to this and another house, with an estate in the country, and is said to have been confined by an uncle in an iron cage in this house. As he disappeared and was never afterwards seen, they supposed that he was killed here. The uncle left the house in a hurry and afterwards told it to the father of the man from whom you took it. No one has ever remained in it for so long as we have done, and it has been a long time without a tenant."

"And do you believe this, Cresswell?" asked my mother.

"Well," she replied, "the iron cage is in the garret over your head, my lady, and I wish you would all come up and see it."

At this moment a friend of ours, an old officer with the Cross of St. Louis, arrived to call on us. We told him the story with some amusement and asked him to accompany us upstairs to see the cage. We found ourselves in a long, large garret, with bare brick walls. It was quite empty, except that in the further corner there was an iron cage attached to the wall. It recalled to us the kind of cage in which wild beasts are kept, only it was

higher. It was about four feet square and eight feet high and there was an iron ring in the wall at the back to which was attached an old rusty chain with a collar.

We really began to feel rather creepy at the idea that any human being could have been kept in such an unpleasant place, and our French friend was horrified as we were. All the same, we were quite certain that the footsteps we had heard in the night were part of a plan to keep the house untenanted, and we were rather uncomfortable at the thought that there was a private way in, of which we knew nothing. We therefore decided to look about us for something else, but to stay in our present quarters until we were successful in finding it.

About ten days after our visit to the garret, Cresswell came to dress my mother in the morning, looking so pale and ill that we asked her what was the matter.

"Indeed, my lady," she said, "I have been frightened to death. Neither Mrs. Marsh (my maid) nor I can sleep again in the room we are now in."

"Well," we said, my mother, "you may come and sleep in the little spare room next to ours. But what has frightened you?"

"Someone," my lady, she said, "went through our room last night. We both saw the figure, but lay under the bed-clothes and hid in a dreadful fright till the morning."

I burst out laughing, but Cresswell began to cry, and when I saw that she was really upset I tried to comfort her. I told her we had heard of a very good house and would soon move into it. Meanwhile, she could sleep in the room next to ours.

The room in which they had been so frightened had a door recessed from the first landing on a very wide staircase, leading to the passage on which the best rooms opened. The door of my mother's room faced the staircase. In Cresswell's old

room there was a second door which led to the backstairs, making it a kind of passage.

A few nights after the change of rooms my mother asked Charles and me to fetch from her bedroom her long embroidery frame, so that she might get her work ready for the morning. Although it was after supper and quite dark, we did not take a candle, as there was a lamp at the bottom of the staircase and we thought we could find the frame by leaving open the door of mother's room. When we reached the foot of the stairs we saw a tall thin figure in powdering gown and wearing hair down the back going up the stairs in front of us. We both thought it was Hannah and called out.

"It won't do, Hannah. You can't frighten us."

At these words the figure turned into the recess and when, in passing it, we saw nobody there, we



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Spook of Bolton Abbey

was below the middle height, and seemed to be an old man of sixty or thereabouts.

His face was unusually round or, rather, broad in proportion to its length, and was very heavily lined and wrinkled. The eyes were bright and the mouth had been that of an old woman but for the fact that there was about a week's growth of greyish stubble on the chin.

There was a hood over the head, and he was dressed in a large garment like a dressing-gown. The head and shoulders seemed to be gray, but lower down the color was black or brown. The light was behind him, and I had a candle in my hand, but his head and shoulders were fairly brightly lighted, while lower down he was in shadow.

Ham Who Had Killed His Brother

I awoke after what had seemed a short time and heard the clock strike twelve. Although I tried to get up, I felt as if I was getting older and older every second and sleep was slipping away from me.

So I heard steps coming along the passage and up the stairs, and as they slowly approached I felt a little more and more alarmed. I did not know who they belonged to.

Then I heard a slight humming as it were with the hum of the foot, which was the way open gates were closed. A pale light distinct from the candle streamed in, and then the figure of a man in a grey suit came in, and I saw that it was the same man who had killed his brother. He was the same man who had killed his brother. He was the same man who had killed his brother.

After that I felt I wanted, for it was nearly two o'clock, when I became fully conscious again I did not get up, still believing that I had had a fearful dream, tried to go to sleep. When the maid opened my door in the morning and pushed aside the chair, my belief in the supernatural was not so strong.

On the Monday evening I asked the nurse, who, by the way, had not been disturbed the previous night to come and sleep on the sofa in my room. I did not tell her what I had seen or thought I had seen, and had still enough courage to be anxious to discover whether the events of the night would

I looked at him for a second or two and then went down to fetch the rector from his study. He was, however, not there, and taking the lantern with which I had come across from the house, I went upstairs again, but the figure had gone.

I had heard of the ghost before, but this was the account I gave of him before I heard any description whatever of him. I was not thinking of the ghost when I saw him, but he was being discussed in the house at that moment.

There was no question of his being transparent; he was as solid as any actual man.

The wall of my room is the old monastery wall and is seven feet thick.

The habit of the monastery was not brown but white, so that he was certainly not a monk of Bolton Abbey.

be repeated. Again, on this third night, I awoke to hear the clock strike twelve. I called in a whisper to the nurse and found that she was also awake and prepared to both the nurse and the ghost.

"The ghost is here," I said.

"Yes," I replied, "I will get up and meet it, wherever it is."

Next day I told the ladies in the house what had happened, adding that since my nerves could not stand a further trial we must return home. In vain they assured me that my visitor would not trouble me again that he "only appeared three times and always to strangers, and never did any harm," and much more to that effect. I refused to repeat the experiment, and by leaving my hostess's roof there and then I forfeited her friendship.

I believe the family has suffered from these visitations for seventy-five years and that the ghost is supposed to be that of a man who murdered his brother in the room in which I slept and threw his body out of the window. I am told that there is in existence a portrait of one of these brothers, dressed as I have described him.

Hyeres, 1853.

Long Gown and the Iron Cage Found in the Attic of the Old Mansion

concluded that she had gone through Cresswell's old room and down the back staircase.

When we returned with the frame we told my mother of Hannah's trick. She said, "That is very odd. Before you came in from your walk, Hannah went to bed with a headache."

We went at once to Hannah's room, where we found Alice at work, and she told us that Hannah had been sound asleep for more than an hour. A little later, on our way to bed, we saw Cresswell when we told her of our mistake she turned quite white and exclaimed: "That is exactly the figure we saw."

About this time my brother Harry came to spend ten days with us. He was sleeping up another staircase at the far end of the house and one morning when he came down to breakfast he asked my mother quite angrily if she had thought he was

drunk the night before and could not put out his candle, since she had sent some of those "French rascals" to watch him. He added, "I jumped up and opened my door and by the moon through the skylight I saw a fellow in his loose gown at the bottom of the stairs. If I had had anything on I would have been after him and taught him to come spying on me."

My mother assured him that she had not sent anyone.

That very day we had arranged to take a delightful house with a charming garden belonging to a young nobleman who was going to Italy for a few years. An evening or two before we moved in a Mr. and Mrs. Atkins, and their son, who lived three or four miles from Lillie, came on horseback to call on us. We told them how frightened our servants had been and how disagreeable it was to be in a house which a person might enter unknown to us. We told them that no one now would sleep in the room in which Cresswell and my mind had been the prowler. Mrs. Atkins laughed and said that, with my mother's permission she would much like to sleep there and that with his permission to keep her company she would not be in the least afraid. On my mother replying that she had no objection, Mrs. Atkins rode home with the boy to fetch Mrs. Atkins' things before the gate's shut.

In the morning Mrs. Atkins looked ill and did not appear to have slept much. When we asked her if she had been frightened she declared that she had been roused from a sound sleep by someone moving about her room. The dog did not stir, although he generally flew at an intruder, but by the lamp in the chimney she distinctly saw a figure. She said that she had tried to set the dog at it, but our belief was that she was much too frightened, and we were greatly entertained when Mr. Atkins agreed to take her home and, to her indignation, said in his dril way, "Perhaps



Photograph From Lord Halifax's ghost Book of a Drawing His Lordship Had Made to Illustrate the Story of the Smiling Specter of Wrotham.

Here is a copy of a letter from the nurse who slept with Mrs. Brooke and her child on the occasion when the ghost was seen.

My dear Madam,
I have just received your very kind letter. I was so glad to hear that my Miss M. is better and that you think she will soon be her dear self again. I have often thought of you and wished I was with you to help nurse her, dear child. I sometimes say she is too good and sweet to live, but pray God to spare her to us. Madam, you ask me to tell you as simply as possible what happened that night at Lady M's. I never like to think of it, but this is what I remember. You asked me to sleep in the room with you and Miss M., and at twelve o'clock we both woke and heard the hour strike and both

said how cold it was, and then we heard the steps in the passage and I said, "How you did not. At that time the door which you had shut and locked was opened and I heard a person's feet come in and I heard a person's feet come in and there was a light and I was so cold and my night-dress was quite wet, and then he went away and came back twice again and there was a wicked laugh at the door and the steps going away and I think you said, "Thank God it's all over and we both cried, and you hit the candle and there was the door wide open and you said, "We will pack up and go home tomorrow. I can't stop here without the captain." I think that was all.

Your affectionate dutiful servant,



Family, Where the Spectral Monk Sometimes Is Said to Be Seen.

pen of the Rev. S. Baring Gould, the well-known author. He subsequently wrote to Lord Halifax enclosing the following letter which he had received.

Dear Sir,
The November number of the Cornhill Magazine has only lately come into my hands. I find your story of "The Man in the Iron Cage" particularly interesting because of an experience I had at the Hotel du Lion d'Or at Lille some thirty years ago. As I think this may interest you I venture to write you an account of it.

In May, 1847, I was travelling with two friends from Boulogne to Brussels. One of my friends, an aged lady unaccustomed to long railway journeys, became so tired that her sister decided it would be best to stop short at Lille and spend the night there. We arrived towards evening. Knowing nothing of the place and intending to go on next morning, we asked for the hotel nearest the station, which proved to be an old-fashioned, unpretentious hostelry, the Hotel du Lion d'Or.

We were soon settled in a comfortable suite of rooms on the first floor. The larger bedroom, occupied by my friends, had two doors, one opening on the landing to the right of the staircase, the other into a small narrow ante-room or dressing-room, of which the opposite door communicated with my room. At first we thought this was the only entrance to my bedroom, but on examination we found a second door at the further end of my room. Thus, the landlord said, was usually kept locked and he did not seem disposed to open it. My friend, however, insisted on the door being unlocked and the key left in our possession. It opened into a small recess of the landing and, as far as I can remember, about opposite to the head of the stairs. This recess appeared to be used as a housemaid's closet, for it was full of pails and brooms, which we thought explained our host's objection to unlocking the door.

My friends retired very early to rest, encouraged by the chambermaid's assurance that they would have a quiet night as they were the only occupants of that floor. Indeed we seemed to be the only guests in the hotel—a fact which did not surprise us, as it was early in the season.

Since I did not feel at all tired, after wishing my friends good night I sat down in my room to write some letters home. So engrossed was I in

(Continued on Page 16)

**In Which a Pretty Schoolteacher Finds She Is Engaged to the Wrong Man.
Complete in This Issue**

[illegible][illegible][illegible]

WHA! was her own kind, Nancy Jo wondered stupidly, feeling her things any old way. Inside she said, "I'm a good mother, I'm a good mother." It had been so beautiful up to now. There must be a train soon. There had to be. If there wasn't, she'd wait at the station.

Stalking himly across the hotel lobby, she felt two strong arms grab her shoulders, and looked up through a pair of eyes.

"Nancy Jo what why?" He held her fast.

"I hate you, that's why. I won't stay in this old town anymore."

"Cool down, darling. Come have a Unisquid and tell me about it."

And to go or make a scene. He told the bellboy to put down her bags. They sat in the padded embrace where they had first met, she stared at the gay crowd with eyes that saw nothing.

Nancy Jo's waiting took:

"Let me call you sweetheart, I'm in love with you you're my girl."

Her hands clapped to her breast, Nancy Jo gave him shivering, blushing look.

"You're starting me!" The victim was a tale he loved you. I had to see you up here first to make sure we were the one. And are you are you"

"Yes," she said. "I've never went into those and felt his lips on hers. Nancy Jo knew blissfully, that was the first kiss of true love she had ever known

"That's all right," he said. "I'll give you a woman's voice said mockingly. How pretty?"

They sprang apart. Nancy Jo stared and gasped. It was the same man, the same face, the same nose and Harold Bell standing there side by side, then the world had

(Continued on Page 16)

(Continued on Page 16)

WHEN JOHNNY COMES MARCHING HOME



90
PROOF



OLD QUAKER'S theme song has a "catchy" tune: "There's A Barrel Of Quality In Every Bottle, But It Doesn't Take A Barrel Of Dough-Re-Mi To Buy It." It has caught-on for fifty-nine years. That's why folks say, "If it's OLD QUAKER, it's O. K.!"

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Platinum Watch by Max Brand

(Continued from Page 14)

dozen old-fashioned tuppens, and greenbacks which totaled three hundred and fifteen dollars.

"Sir," began Hawley. "That's it," said Muir. "Murder for its own sweet sake, and not for a casual robbery. And a little old, you notice, that while trifled like golden cuff links were stolen, a good bit like the case of a platinum watch was left behind. You notice that? I hope, Hawley. Oh, it's dangled cleverly, but perhaps it's not clever enough."

"You think someone in the house?"

"Yes, yes. Or closely associated. Exactly that. And what? Mary Madison with her pretty face and headlong nature and her strong hands? She would get the use of her own fortune, and the man she really wants to marry. Mrs. Pittman? She's the comely heiress to a big fortune, and she gets rid of her husband's hands of an old, crabbed man. Duffy? He can have his woman as he pleases, without any around corners to reach her, and he can become a farmer on his own account, perhaps."

"Van Becklin? He can have Mary, she will have the money, and after that there's nothing for him to do except to start a racing stable and be the man he's always seen in himself. Who else? Tomason? He joins the others on one pretty count. He was employed by Pittman, as the rest of us were, when the bank robbed ten years ago. He was doing some talking with Tomason during the day, if you can find out who he was talking to, what if not why. Tomason as good as married to the girl, now that her guardian is dead."

"You see that they all have motives. Who else? What about Muir? Where was I between ten and twelve thirty when I might have noticed out here, alone in the damned banker who've been maddening my funds and get back to town in time to..."

"Mr. Muir," cried the valet, starting forward with his hands pushed well out before him, in horror.

"Or what about Hawley, then?" murmured Muir, sleepily.

"Murder," said Muir, in the air.

And suddenly Hawley saw that his master was unconscious, and smiling in his sleep.

CHAPTER V.

HAWLEY, as the interval ran out, sat with his watch in his hand, and it seemed to him that exactly on the moment of the half hour, his master stirred and groaned a little. Hawley stood over him and looked down at the face of the awakened sleeper with a profound concern. The deeply shadowed eyes of Muir seemed to have roved even farther into darkness during his sleep; about his pale face there was a bluish tinge, and his lips were grey and looked wind-swept. He could have lain for the portrait of a dying consumptive.

"Well," said Muir, at last, opening his eyes.

"Yes, sir. Exactly a half hour."

Muir sat up and held out his hand. Hawley put into it a glass containing a drink of brandy, and Muir tossed it off. He closed his eyes and shuddered as the strong stuff burned the way home.

"What's happened during the half hour?" he asked.

"I watched from the windows and the door and listened continually," said Hawley. "The police have come and taken the body away, sir."

"You should have awakened me," exclaimed his master.

"You said a half hour," said Hawley.

"No, no. Hawley! In time of trouble, always march toward the sound of cannon. But let it be. They look Pittman away. Anything else?"

"I saw Mrs. Pittman go out into the garden and toward the lake, but she apparently changed her mind and turned back suddenly to the house."

"She started out to reconcile herself to Duffy, and then it was too much for her to take water from him so soon," interpreted Muir.

"A little after that, just a few moments ago, Duffy got into the station wagon and drove off down the road."

"Ah, that's what I want to know," said Muir.

He stood up suddenly from the bed and turned the water on from the cold tap in the washbowl. Hawley, watching with a worried expression, saw the knees of Muir shudder and his long water a little from side to side. But after he had bathed his face and throat with the icy water, a touch



Hawley Was Sweating Out His Work of Facing the Letter Together. Already He Had Had Some Success.

of human color returned to him and the life began to appear in his eyes again.

"I'm going out for a few minutes," he said. "I want you to keep everything on the move. Watch quietly and everybody without seeming to. If you have a chance, talk with Tomason. Van Becklin is keen on eye on him, and on Mary Madison. Be alert to everything. Hawley, as though you were standing in the tall grass and you heard elephants coming toward you."

He went down the hall and down the stairs. From the head of them he saw the chauffeur laying out morning mail on the table in the hall beneath the moment the servant turned away. Tomason was there, picking up letters. At the descending step of Muir he looked up sharply, and thrust several of the envelopes into his coat pocket.

Then he nodded curtly, and disappeared into the laundry. Muir went more slowly down the stairs. He could not avoid an impression that Tomason had been waiting for that special moment when the mail was brought to the house, and then he had pointed like a hawk. Muir registered that impression deep in his mind as he left the house with his hat on his head and his walking stick in his hand.

The sky had turned soft and bright, blossoming with big white clouds like a day in May, but the lake of the wind was still icy, as he sauntered down toward the lake, then took the sudden path that ran through the brush and trees toward the farmhouse.

The front of the little building was visible from at least the upper windows of the main house, therefore he came up to the rear and tried the windows. They were locked, but the blade of a pocket knife, actively used, was a sufficient tool to turn one of the latches, and he climbed into the kitchen.

The dishpan lay upside-down in the sink, with a wash rag spread dry over the top of it. On the drain-board breakfast dishes had been stacked and left to air-dry. The stove still hissed and breathed with the last strength of the fire. A double-steamer drawn to the back of the stove contained oatmeal porridge which had dried in yellow cakes around the upper part of the cooking dish.

Frying pans and skillets hung face-out along the lined-up wall behind the stove. The steel was brightly burnished. And the soft wood of the floor had been scrubbed white; it was still wet with moisture along the cracks. There were no oily finger marks on the floor. The woodwork was obviously newly scrubbed down. And it was plain that no matter how careless Duffy might be about his person, he observed a sailor's tidiness in his house.

The dining room was equally clean. The habits of Duffy were illustrated by the single chair which was drawn up to the plain table. In the living room, Duffy had created his world almost complete. He had an army cot in a corner with twenty army blankets neatly folded across the foot of it. Sheets were of no matter in his life.

Around the walls appeared pictures of duck shooting, fishing, a plow-span of heavy draft horses with Duffy standing among them, two or three nondescript groups of hunters with Duffy among them, the portrait of an athlete with ears pricked and head to one side, as if it took to decipher the mind of whimsical man.

A rack in one corner held four

shotguns of varying kinds, five rifles including a powerful express, and another rack held a pair of service automatics. At the foot of the racks were the cases for ammunition and cleaning rags and oil, no doubt. Fishing implements for fly and bait casting followed, the fly flies gathered in a neat, glass-topped case. On the floor instead of woven rugs, Duffy preferred a headless bearskin, a lamia skin on the foot of the bed; and he had attached to the wall above the door the mask of a mouse with a huge spread of perfect antlers.

There was even room in a rack beneath the center table, for twenty or more books of travel and adventure on the one hand and at farm information on the other. A closet was filled with old topsails, leather hunting jackets, oilskins and canvas coats all battered and stained by time and hard usage. On a shelf pressed a miniature camera, a large Kodak, a moving picture camera, a projecting machine, and films for all, in iron cases.

In short, it seemed to Muir that the farmer had brought everything that really interested him within the compass of a single room. He had those thoughts as he went rapidly through the drawers of the table and the corner desk, then peered over the glove shelf. He studied swiftly the guns in the rack before he gave up the room in that cursory

search and passed on into a storeroom behind it, where quantities of provisions were stacked, although Duffy expected to endure the siege of a decade in the Arctic.

Glass jars of home-made tomato juice, pickles, soups, preserved and jellied fruits, vegetables, and all that the imagination could conjure up in the way of simple foods stacked on many shelves. There was a supply of excellent bacon, a whole beef or venison, and some hanging ham sewed up in sucking and giving out their pungent odor of smoke and fat. In barrels there were beans, sugar, rice, and all the staples which keep easily. It was like a glimpse of a small grocery store and all arranged with the perfect order of a sailor who knows what makes and maintains order at sea.

Into all of these corners, moving barrels or tipping boxes, Muir glanced with a bit of a little shock, for he saw that the shelves were packed with a pencil. The narrow slats of its ray slipped like a knife into every dark place, and he almost had caught his breath at the room, vainly, when the front door of the house slammed.

Muir stood still, half-closing his eyes, and reviewed swiftly, one by one, every move he had made. He missed the old farmhouse, but he could not recall having done anything that would reveal his presence. Next he stepped back into the dingiest corner of the room, which happened to be that near the door of the living room.

He had heard the voice of Duffy, which was always loud and clear, saying, unconsciously through the wall: "I'll show you what I have. It's for sale, too."

If it was an answer, Muir could not make out so much as a whisper of it.

Presently Duffy said: "There it is. How do you like it?" Again the baffling silence answered, and finally Duffy said: "I don't know about the price. Say a hundred thousand dollars. I'm not an expensive man to buy. I've got simple tastes, and you can be thankful for it."

There was an excuse for not hearing any response to this for a gust of strong wind struck the house at the time and set the shutters rattling and whistling drafts up the stairs and down into the cellar beneath.

But after that, the front door slammed heavily, sending both the sound and a sense of the vibration to Muir. He waited for a long long moment to hear the voice of Duffy again. At length he began to feel that the house was again empty, and gradually pulled the living room door open an inch.

It gave him vision enough. Duffy lay back in his chair with a mouth partly open, as though he were about to yawn. He had a yawning look of sleep about him, also, for his eyes were almost shut, and between his eyes was drilled a little round hole from which a single ray-line of red waivered down his face as far as the cheekbone. The line was still prolonging itself, very slowly, as it entered the nostrils of Duffy's unshaven whiskers.

Muir got through the door across the room to the front window. But there was no sign of anyone on the path leading toward the lake or across the way into the nearest field. He ran into the kitchen and peered out the rear windows in the same manner, but there was only the view of the brown, smoky, autumn woods with the wind changing the big clouds rapidly over the horizon hills.

After that, he returned for a moment to the dead man.

There still seemed to be strength in the thick, unyielding neck of Duffy, and there was so much brute in the blunt jaw and the swelling veins that it was strange even a Gloria could have loved him. His barrel chest, sweat-stained around the band, was open at the neck. And laundry scrubbing had frayed the flannel collar at the forward edges. He had a bristled corduroy cap on his head, pushed over a slightly backward angle and his hair itself was a mass of stiff, bristling curls. He had had the vitality of a wild bear.

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Something rattled softly on the floor and Muir looked down with a start at a crumpled bit of paper which had just fallen from the hanging, loosening hand of Duffy. He picked up and straightened out a sheet of letter paper with the heading of a Chicago bank. It said, briefly:

"Dear Mr. Pittman:

"In answer to your letter I am glad to say that Mr. Tomason was for ten years a depositor in our bank, and the sort of a depositor every bank likes to have, because his account increased regularly every month, almost every week during the ten years. We were very sorry to have him withdraw his account from us but understand that he was transferring his money and his business to New York."

"If there is any further information we can give you about this matter, I shall be pleased to send what you wish. I haven't had the pleasure of meeting you, but Charlie Weston is an old and mutual friend and often has spoken about you."

Sincerely yours,

Albert P. Wagman,

Vice-President."

The paper itself was a dirty gray from a recent rain, and the water that had made the typed letters run, here and there, into ink blurs but still held the letter and the signature were entirely legible. The paper had been driven between cloths, the grain

of which remained imbedded in the wood pulp fabric.

Muir smoothed the sheet, folded it, and placed it in his inner coat pocket. He stood back for another look at Duffy. After that he went through the pockets of the farmer. He found a can of cheap pipe tobacco, a big knife with a cracked horn handle and very sharp blades, a pair of handkerchiefs, gray from home laundering, a small screwdriver, a pinna, and a small crumpled of chewing tobacco wrapped in a dirty old canvas covering.

These objects he put back where he had found them, and then left the house. He left it as he had entered that morning, by the rear window, and made a wide circuit before he came in from the direction of the lake and garden.

He found Tomason in rough riding breeches and leather half-boots coming out of the rear door.

"Off for a stroll?" asked Muir. "Just a breath of air," said Tomason.

"Those are comfortable-looking boots," Muir called after him. Mail-order boots. "I've answered Tomason over his shoulder, with a faint smile, and walked on."

Muir entered the house and went straight up to Tomason's room.

(Continued on Page 16)

BE OIL-WISE
USE
PENNZOIL
THE MONEY-SAVING MOTOR OIL

PENNZOIL SAVINGS IN YOUR POCKETS

BUT MORE FOURTH OF JULY ROCKETS

Don't trifle with
"Pink Tooth Brush"
See your dentist

Today's soft foods deny gums
the hard, vigorous exercise they need

Change today
TO IPANA AND MASSAGE

WHEN you see "pink" on your tooth brush—don't let it lightly—don't tag it as trivial, unimportant. For "pink tooth brush" is a distress signal from your gums, a plea for help you simply cannot ignore.

At the first sign of "pink tooth brush"—see your dentist. You may not be in for serious trouble but only your dentist can decide. Usually, however, you will learn that our modern menus—today's soft, creamy foods—deprive our gums of the hard, vigorous chewing they need for natural health. They need more exercise... more work... they need the healthful stimulation of Ipana and Massage.

Ipana Tooth Paste is designed not only to keep your teeth clean and sparkling, but, with Massage, helps your gums to better health. Every time you brush your teeth, massage a little extra Ipana into your gums. Feel the quickening effect as lagging circulation awakens within the gum walls. Lazy gums grow stronger, firmer... more immune to trouble.

Start today to give your gums and teeth the stimulating help of Ipana with Massage. Practice this sensible dental health routine every day to help guard against dental tragedy—to help keep your gums firmer and stronger and your smile bright and sparkling.

Remember

A good tooth paste, like a good dentist, is never a luxury.



IPANA
Tooth Paste

Romance in Swing Time By Valerie Nicholson

(Continued from Page 12)

gone completely haywire. It couldn't be—yet it was. "Harold!" she cried in dismay. "Nancy! I hope he's glowing! I arrived in time. You're too young and innocent to be fooling around with men like that. I came to save you and take you home where you belong."

"I don't want to be saved!" she cried. "I'm not a child!" "You're an angry red," Fellen went on solemnly. "Just say that again, and I'll be in a voice of terrible calm. Who are you, anyway, barging in like this? I don't like your looks!"

"I've got a right to protect Nancy!" Harold backed away nervously. "I'm engaged to her. I'm going to marry her. If I have her after this!"

His long arm shot out and Harold felt the teeth crashed to the floor. "If you want more, you know how to get it!"

"Well, hasn't she been here? Hasn't she?" Harold shrieked, scrambling awkwardly to his feet. "How do I know what went on?"

At turned toward eyes to Nancy Jo. "Are you engaged to this slimy rat?"

"You might have told me before!"

EYES TIRED?

Modern life imposes a great strain on the eyes. Excessive reading, watching television, driving, and other eye-straining activities can lead to tired, itchy, and watery eyes. Murine Eye Drops provide a soothing, refreshing relief for all eye troubles. They are gentle, effective, and safe for all ages. A little Murine goes a long way. Try it today!

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HERE'S SPEEDY RELIEF FOR Tender, Aching, Swollen Feet

Your feet may be so swollen and sore that you can't walk. Or they may be so itchy and red that you can't stand them. Or they may be so tired and aching that you can't get on with your day. No matter what the trouble, there's a speedy relief for you. It's called Murine. It's the only foot powder that's been proven to be effective in relieving all foot troubles. Try it today!

MURINE

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It costs you no more for this super-duper Earlyne is a concentrate of protein, minerals and irradiated yeast. Feed Ken-L-Ration daily.

FREE! WRITE FOR FREE INFO

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NO THIN SPOTS

IN THE NEW "Soft Weave" WALDORF

THIS "light touch" will show you quickly why the new Soft-Weave Waldorf gives you double comfort and security.

It has the even texture of smooth, soft cloth. No thin spots make it insecure. You'll find no dirt specks or dangerous splinters as you may in ordinary ties.

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You'll save the extra cost, with Soft-Weave Waldorf. A roll lasts several days longer. Order a supply today. Scott Paper Company, Chester, Pennsylvania.

my I made a complete fool of myself! At took the violin tenderly and laid it back into its recesses.

Nancy Jo's mouth went dry. Before she could speak a brittle laugh cut her short.

"Thought you were clever, didn't you?" The singer's eyes were a glittering triumphant grin. "Telling a fat one on the home town lad. After you told me yesterday afternoon about your house, and your two saving money for the furniture. The minute I found him wandering around in the lobby asking for you, I knew who he was. I could guess where Al had taken you. So I brought him straight up here!" Her lip curled. "I remembered the way perfectly."

So it was a lie—that he had never brought a girl to this house before. If he hadn't been here, she would never have dared to say that, her green eyes whipping, make-like from Nancy Jo.

CHAPTER VI

TOMASON'S ROOM

TOMASON occupied a corner suite of bedroom, bath and living room, his accommodations in a good hotel. The sweeping curtains, the heavy four-poster bed, the Persian rug, the gleam of the fireplace and all the other comforts of the suite did not keep the eye of Muir for a moment. What he especially noted was a writing desk in the living room and in the bedroom two boxes of drawers.

He began opening drawers at once, working as fast as he could but held back by a necessity of always in hand the sharp old wood and sliding it back and forth. He had begun on the first when the door of the room opened suddenly. He slipped inside the closet but left the door still a little ajar in case the closing of it should catch the eye of the person who had entered.

A brisk, sharp-beetled step across the room, then, from the hall, a voice called: "Maggie! Oh, Maggie! We'll do Miss Mary's room first."

The brisk step recrossed the room and went out, while Muir resumed his search. He passed through the closet rapidly, using his fingers more than his eyes to probe the recesses, and as he came at last to the living room and its desk, the drawers were smaller, more silent under manipulation, and he found nothing whatever in them except a supply of stationery.

He stood up from the chair, resting his weight on the edge of the desk while he frowned at his thoughts, and in this manner his downward eye found the

to Al and back again. A sort of panic of despair came over Nancy Jo. She knew she'd never have another man as long as she lived.

"I think, Harold," she said in a small, shaky voice. "I'd better ride back with you."

They drove back to New York in Harold's old familiar car. He had brought it on the principle that it is better to own a big car, no matter how old than a little car, no matter how new. It was a thirty miles an hour and many strange noises which would have disturbed anybody but Harold. "You're mighty lucky," he told her smugly, to have a fellow like me to depend on. I'd have been up here before, but old left life didn't let me until yesterday."

Things began to boil in his head. "I'm not satisfied!" he cried. "And you are too late. I don't care if I did have designs on you. I liked it. She put her hands over her ears. All the way back to New York she saw Harold's mouth moving grotesquely, like somebody in the movies when the sound-track goes off the track. When they reached the hotel she jumped out and slammed the car door. "Give me love to the sound-track," she cried, and grinned wickedly. "Pick out some other nice prim stupid girl to marry, but don't let her come to New York to buy her trousseau!"

Upstairs in her room she peered into her mirror with a strange impersonal interest. She had to admit she didn't look like a girl hardened by bitter experience, but she was Harold's kind of a girl—a pretty, simple thing, more it was a hard rock, and she betwixt the man that came fooling around it.

The first thing to do since she got to today was find a job. She bathed and dressed with the greatest care, pinned an artificial gardenia on her smart little dress, and thought for honeymooning.

How long has he been in the house?"

"Pitman knew him ever since the old days when Tomason worked for the bank?"

"No. Harry dropped out of sight for the whole ten years. He just appeared six weeks or so ago, and Uncle Marsh was so

lighted that one of his young men had made such a success."

"Ten or twelve thousand to you?"

"No. I know money doesn't matter to him. He's a

man started without a penny. That's why Uncle Marsh was so

pleased. Do you like Harry?"

"He seems an upstanding fellow," said Muir.

"I can't tell whether what he has in his eyes is honest firmness or

stained haziness. Mary, can you?"

"Oh, he's honest and he's firm. There's no doubt about that. I've known him, and I've

known him. That's why Uncle Marsh didn't adore anyone. You know that."

"Adore? He? Then what do you think, make him meet Tomason one day and ask him out for a

week-end the next? And why do you think he kept on meeting Tomason in town, and why did he finally bring out Harry right into the house for an indefinite stay, while Harry looked around and

decided where he should invest his money, what new business he'd make something out of the investment?"

"Harry doesn't need advice about investments. Think of a man who saves a steady income of ten or twelve thousand a year, and makes it out of automobile accessories. That's almost fabulous, isn't it?"

"Automobile accessories are a huge business," said Muir. "How long did it take him to build up the capital of his?"

"Ten years. Uncle Marsh said it's quite wonderful. Without any stock market gambling, and that sort of thing. I mean."

"I'd like to see the securities."

"I'll show you the list and the prices and all."

"Interesting," said Muir. "I suppose it's all secured."

"But you do love Ben Becken and you don't love Tomason. And that's that," he suggested.

"I don't talk to you about the 'I don't want to talk to you about it. I've made up my mind.'"

"You look well in rising tops," said he.

"I look better still on a beach," said she. "Oh, Peter. I'm really not such a vulgar little horrible creature as you think, no matter how I talk."

"Of course you're not," said Muir. "We're all better than our talk, but somehow the slang and the dirt that goes into our speech seems to qualify our blood in time."

"I know it," sighed the girl. "I have you been out of the house during the last half hour or so?"

"He asked," he asked. "She looked at him suddenly and then glanced quickly out the window again."

"Just for a moment," she said. "Taking a stroll?"

"It was too cool. I came back," she murmured. "But I've got a riding now. Will you come along?"

"I haven't ridden for years. I can't stand it. Mary."

"Why you used to ride steppe-chase, and everything," she exclaimed. "It was a boy and a fool, then. But now when a horse goes winging over a jump—"

"You hate it, the way you hate aeroplanes."

"More or less."

"Peter is it true that in the last year of the war you had

voice, Hawley, and by the gods, a lovely bright pair of eyes."

"I got to go to the kitchen, and at once, with the indefatigable curiosity of a boy or an old hunter, he took the fragments. The paper had been torn up quite fine, but on a bit of the stiffer envelope he found the group of typewritten letters. "It was," he said. "That decided him. He poured the letter into his hand and

dropped it into his pocket. He thought that he had found it, but he left the room only listening first for a moment at the door to make sure that no one might be passing in the hall."

"Hawley he found back in his room."

"I beg your pardon, sir," said Hawley. "I came in here to look at the stables. The groom is

warning up the horses. Mrs. Pitman and Miss Mary Madison are going to take a ride together, asked Mr. Becken."

"Nothing else has happened?"

"Nothing else, sir, except that I heard Miss Madison crying in her room again, not long ago."

"Let me tell you, Hawley," said Muir. "That girl has more reason to cry than almost anyone I know."

"Have you found something, sir?" whispered Hawley, coming a soft step closer.

"I'm finding things continually," said Muir. "Mention to you know what it's like, Hawley?"

"No, sir," said Hawley, staring with widened eyes. "What's the matter?"

"It's like falling in love with a Spanish dancer, with a knife up her sleeve, and poison for a familiar friend, but with all the beauty of the devil. I've been following around the soft train of murder, Hawley. I've been listening to her whisper. A sweet

my room and the younger of my friends, whom I had thought asleep hours before, looked in, and asked if anything was the matter, as she had been awakened by hearing me on my chair, and that I had been surprised at hearing her in the same house, which seemed to come from outside my door on the floor. I went to the door and with a light examined the covers and then the lamp, but all was perfectly still and no one was to be seen."

"Concluding that, although the footsteps seemed to have been so near, the sound must really have proceeded from an upper story, we rechecked the door. My friend returned to her room and I went to bed, still hearing from time to time, until I fell asleep, that steady dragging step."

"We left Lilla by early train next day and I thought little more of the occurrence. It did not, however, completely pass from my mind, as I mentioned it in recounting my travels on my return home about two months later. Very likely I should not have given it another thought had it not happened that a friend of my mother who knew her to be interested in ghost stories, gave her a manuscript account, almost exactly similar to yours, of a haunted house in the Place du Lion d'Or at Lille. It then struck me that probably this was the very house in which I had spent the night and that the footsteps I had heard were those of some evil spirit who knew her to be interested in ghost stories, gave her a manuscript account, almost exactly similar to yours, of a haunted house in the Place du Lion d'Or at Lille. 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Last-Minute Frills for a Festive Fourth

By Mrs. Christine Frederick,
The Distinguished Authority on Household Efficiency.

FIRECRACKERS and the red, white and blue are the traditional colors of the Fourth. But even without the explosion of the firecracker, a well-filled stomach, and what is held to be a holiday may prove a "picnic" for everyone but the home-maker responsible for providing the "vats."

And even with the most carefully-thought-out shopping list, and an excellent meal plan for the triple-day weekend-end, there may be some last minute calls for additional food snacks.

What if the almost-forgotten houses, whom you met last winter, had up with a car overflowing with children? Suppose Uncle Matthew, who has hardly sent a card to his nephews for years, decides to visit that nephew's family over the Fourth? Or even if that young couple you met on a cruise, and to whom you extended the invitation, "Be sure and drop in on us when you are driving through Bayview," does take your tightly-given invitation literally?

A well-stocked company or emergency guest shelf is first aid to the summer hostess. No good house manager would think of facing a holiday like the Fourth without first checking up on her pantry supplies. And not only for the present weekend-end, but for every occasion when guests may be expected, the first thing is to see that an assortment of supplies such as the following is on hand.

Canned Soups: Tomato, bouillon, consommé, mushroom, clam broth.

Canned Meats: Meat and liver loaf, Vienna sausage, chili con carne, corned beef, tamales, dried

beef, frankfurters, etc.

Canned Sea-Food: Sardines, tuna, lobster, Japanese crab, shrimp, etc.

Canned Vegetables: Small garnishing peas, asparagus tips, corn, lima beans, etc.

Canned Fruits: Sliced peaches, pear halves, pineapple spears.

Relishes: Assorted pickles, chutney sauce, canned pimientos, black ripe olives, stuffed green olives, sweet gherkins, pickled onions, Italian relish, etc.

Fruit Juices: Tomato, orange, grapefruit, lime, pineapple, grapejuice.

Puffed Pastes and Spreads: Deviled ham or tongue, baked chicken, anchovy, cheese spreads, assorted sandwich spreads.

Soft Beverages: Raspberry, lime, ginger, nanasparilla, ginger-ale, etc.

Crackers: Salted and sweet crackers, vanilla wafers, ginger snaps, appetizing cake or lady-fingers.

Gelatins: Quick aspic, gelatin, flavored fruit gelatin, particularly lemon and lime, straight granulated gelatin.

Salts: Small jars assorted shelled or mixed nuts.

Fruit Garnishes: Red Maraschino and green decorating cherries, etc.

Graciosa: is that the Millers driving into the driveway? Six more persons and not a store open! Naturally, on any big holiday the grocers and butchers carry the sign, "Closed all day." But suppose six or even eight extra persons do arrive unexpectedly and intimate that they would like to stay for the day and enjoy the display of village fireworks in the evening, is that

Appetizing Menus for the Week

By Mary Lee Swann

MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
Breakfast Cereal Juice Whole Grain Cereal Tea or Coffee	Breakfast Baked Rabbit with Banana Cereal Tea or Coffee	Breakfast Baked Rabbit with Banana Cereal Tea or Coffee	Breakfast Baked Rabbit with Banana Cereal Tea or Coffee	Breakfast Orange Juice Cereal Soft Drink Tea or Coffee	Breakfast Milk Cereal Soft Drink Tea or Coffee	Breakfast Rice Pudding Cereal Soft Drink Tea or Coffee
Lunch Dinner Dinner Dinner Dinner Dinner Dinner	Lunch Dinner Dinner Dinner Dinner Dinner Dinner	Lunch Dinner Dinner Dinner Dinner Dinner Dinner	Lunch Dinner Dinner Dinner Dinner Dinner Dinner	Lunch Dinner Dinner Dinner Dinner Dinner Dinner	Lunch Dinner Dinner Dinner Dinner Dinner Dinner	Lunch Dinner Dinner Dinner Dinner Dinner Dinner

Inexpensive Holiday Ices and Sherbets

By Mary Lee Swann,

The Well-Known Writer and Lecturer on Cooking.

Pineapple Ice.
ICES and sherbets are prepared from various fruit juices, crushed fruits or other flavoring which are combined with water. Milk is used for milk sherbets. The frozen mixture will have a smoother texture if the sugar used is cooked to a syrup with a part of the liquid before adding the fruit or fruit juice. The beaten whites of 2 or 3 eggs may be added to the mixture when partly frozen. A white, creamy sherbet is the result when the egg whites are used.

Any mixture will lose sweetness and flavor when frozen and should be made a little sweeter and stronger in flavor than desired to allow for this. Fruits should be mashed, crushed or strained. If large pieces of fruit are desired, add to the mixture when it is nearly frozen, as large pieces of icy fruits are not desirable. The mixture increases in bulk during freezing, so the freezer should not be more than three-fourths full.

Suggestions for sherbets are almost as numerous as there are housekeepers, since nearly every family has its favorite sherbet or ice recipe. Among those that are most popular are lemon, orange, pineapple, orange-lemon, grape, sugarberry, raspberry, strawberry, blackberry, banana, cranberry, apricot, peach, mint and combinations of fruits.

Variety Sherbet.
MIX 1/2 cup orange juice, 1/2 cup lemon juice, 1 cup of strawberry or raspberry juice or 1 cup crushed peaches, strained banana pulp, ripe apricots, etc., 2 1/2 cups sugar and 1 quart rich milk. Freeze. If mixture curdles at first, it will become smooth in process of freezing.

Mixed Fruit Sherbet.
MIX 1/2 cup sugar and 1 cup water and boil 1 minute. Add the juice of 1 orange and the juice of 1 lemon, 1 finely-chopped pineapple and 1 strained banana (through potato masher). Freeze to a mush. Add 1 stiffly-beaten egg white and finish freezing.

Rhubarb Sherbet.
T 1 pint strained ripe strawberries pulp add 1/2 cup sugar and 1 cup water. Mix 1/2 cup sugar and 3 tablespoons water in saucepan and stir until sugar is dissolved. Add 1 pint dried rhubarb and cook gently until rhubarb is tender. Add 1 tablespoon gelatin softened in 1 tablespoon cold water. Strain and combine with the strawberry juice mixture. Add 1/2 teaspoon salt and 1 tablespoon lemon juice. Freeze.

Fourth of July Tea.
Assorted Sandwiches (Cucumbers, Flax, etc.)
Original Stands Decorated Cakes
Bunker Hill Tartlets
Martha Washington Flower Baskets
Pineapple Mint Sherbet
Iced Tea Iced Coffee

American Weekly Patterns



Pattern 3472 FOR SWEETS OR RUN-A-BOUT WEAR. YOU'LL NOT FIND A SMARTER FROCK THAN THIS GAY BUTTON-DOWN-FRONT STYLE. Designed for misses and women's sizes 14, 16, 18, 20, 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48, 50. Size 16 requires 2 1/2 yards 36-inch fabric.

Pattern 3473 IDEAL IN PRINTED PERCALE OR EYELET TATTEE. IS THIS "ALL-DAY" FROCK WITH COOL YOKE-CAPELETS? Designed for misses and women's sizes 14, 16, 18, 20, 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48, 50. Size 16 requires 2 1/2 yards 36-inch fabric.

Pattern 3474 FASHION-CONSCIOUS MATRONS WILL ADORE THIS Dainty STYLE THAT ASSURES A SLIM YOUTHFUL APPEARANCE. Designed for women's sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48, 50. Size 36 requires 2 1/2 yards 36-inch fabric.

Pattern 3475 A BRIGHT NOTE FOR YOUR LIVING ROOM. THIS EASILY-CROCHETED CHAIR SET WITH ITS LIVELY PEACOCK DESIGN. Pattern 3476 contains detailed directions and charts for making the set shown; an illustration of it and of all stitches used, material requirements.

PRICE OF PATTERNS, 15 CENTS EACH. Every pattern contains a large, complete, easy-to-follow sewing guide. To order these easy-to-make patterns, write plainly SIZES, PATTERN NUMBERS, YOUR NAME, YOUR STREET ADDRESS, CITY AND STATE. Enclose 15 cents in stamps or coins (coins preferred) for each pattern, and address your envelope to AMERICAN WEEKLY PATTERN DEPT., 603 NINTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

The Platinum Watch by Max Brand

(Continued from Page 16)

horribly about your age and actually trained and got to the front as an aviator flying pursuit planes when you were only sixteen."

"That's a long time ago," he said.

"It is true," she said.

"Before you go riding," said Muir, "will you ask the people to get together? I mean, you and Gloria and Van Becken and Tomason?" Tomason is outside, somewhere, but I don't think that he'll go very far."

"Why won't he?" she asked curiously.

"Because he can't stay far away from his treasure. Mary."

"Bash!" said the girl. "Do you really want all the people?"

"Please," said Muir. "Get them together in the library, say and I'll be along in ten minutes."

He returned to the room where Hawley was waiting with ears popping noises as he knew his when monstrous away from the upper lip, which was a sign of the utmost mental concentration. He had ascribed no single form of a complete pattern, but he had managed to gather bits of words and phrases, here and there.

Muir, after a moment's survey, put in his thin forefinger and commenced to gather the frayed bits into clusters, working rapidly. Still the portions of the letter were scattered beyond the comprehension of the valet, whom Muir continued to read aloud slowly.

"Dear March,"

"I'm delighted to hear from you. This is the first time, I think since the Kansas City convention. We must keep in closer touch."

"I discover, in answer to your inquiry, that a Henry Tomason opened an account in our Chase Street Branch Bank about ten years ago. He closed the account something under two months since. To judge by the way the account grew regularly, from month to month and from year to year, he is a steady, thrifty, but not a brilliant business man. He seemed to save almost as much in his first six or ten years. However, it was a splendid account that he gradually built up, and naturally we were not happy to have fifty thousand dollars subtracted from our deposits. He has removed his account to some New York Bank whose name I do not know, but I am sure that I could find it for you. If there is anything more that I can learn for you about Mr. Tomason, please let me know."

"I think you as bankers should know more about banking in my department than I do."

"I'll think you as bankers should know more about banking in my department than I do."

when at times it is a little against the letter of the banking rules."

"Let me hear from you soon, my dear fellow."

Yours sincerely,

Low Caraway."

"But what does it mean, sir?" asked Hawley.

"What do you think?" asked Muir.

"Fifty thousand is a good deal of money," said Hawley, doubtfully.

"'Noneas'!" exclaimed Muir. "It isn't the amount of the money. But the time. The time may tell the story!"

To Be Concluded Next Sunday.

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NEW Shinola White

GIVES 3-WAY GUARANTEE WITH DOUBLE-MONEY-BACK OFFER

1. GUARANTEED NOT TO RUB OFF

This is the famous guarantee that made New Shinola the sensation of the white cleaner field! No ifs, ands or buts! Shinola's guarantee is its amazing new formula against rub-off! Ask for New Shinola and insist on getting it.

2. GUARANTEED TO REMOVE STAINS

Remove stains, oil and grease stains, dirt stains, that soil the bottom of white shoes. New Shinola is guaranteed to remove them.

3. GUARANTEED TO WHITEN QUICKLY

See your white shoes in the next hour, for out of the box, New Shinola is guaranteed to whiten shoes quickly!

DOUBLE-MONEY-BACK OFFER

Simply apply New Shinola according to instructions on the carton. New Shinola is guaranteed: (1) Not to rub off, (2) To remove stains, (3) To whiten quickly. If you are dissatisfied in any of these respects, return the remainder of the bottle with your name and address to Shinola, 85 Lexington Avenue, New York City. We will send you double your money back.

BOTTLED BY TURKEY

10¢ and 25¢

Wherever white cleaners are sold

FOR GUARANTEED WHITE SHOE SMARTNESS... INSIST ON NEW SHINOLA

**"LET ME KEEP YOU
OUT OF THE KITCHEN
THIS SUMMER!"**

Quick Summer Meals Planned Around Heinz Soup



(Preparation Time—20 Minutes)

Heinz Cream of Tomato Soup
Crisp Crackers
Heinz Sweet Mixed Pickles
Kidney Bean Salad
Hard Rolls
Oatmeal Cookies
Coffee

★ **KIDNEY BEAN SALAD.** Place contents of one 1½ lb. can Heinz Oats, baked Red Kidney Beans in a strainer. Pour boiling water over the beans. Cool. Mix with one cup chopped celery, two tablespoons Heinz India Relish, and salt to taste. Moisten with Heinz Mayonnaise. Chill and serve in news of lettuce and sprinkle with Paprika. Salad may be served in tomato shells.

SHOPPING LIST

Heinz Cream of Tomato Soup
Heinz Sweet Mixed Pickles
Oatmeal Cookies
Heinz Red Kidney Beans
Celery
Heinz India Relish
Crackers
Heinz Mayonnaise
Lettuce
Hard Rolls
Coffee

(Preparation Time—20 Minutes)

★ **Petite Marmite of Heinz Onion Soup.** Fresh Tomato and Cucumber Salad with Malt French Dressing
Crispy Rolls Butter Iced Tea

★ **PETITE MARMITE OF HEINZ ONION SOUP.** Pour Heinz Onion Soup into glass marmite or small earthenware bowls. Top each with a slice of roll or bread, then sprinkle with grated Parmesan cheese. Place in hot oven until the bread is toasted and the soup is heated through.

SHOPPING LIST

Heinz Onion Soup
Parmesan Cheese
Heinz Malt Vinegar
Heinz Olive Oil
Fresh Tomatoes
Cucumber
Butter
Rolls
Tea

(Preparation Time—30 Minutes)

★ **Heinz Consommé Madrilène with Ketchup India Relish Garnish.** Heinz Cooked Macaroni Surrounded with Crisp Bacon
Cole Slaw
Heinz Pure Apple Butter
Red Raspberry Sundae
Crispy Rolls
Coffee

★ **HEINZ CONSOMMÉ MADRILÈNE GARNISHED WITH KETCHUP AND MADRILÈNE.** Top each serving with a dash of Heinz India Relish.

SHOPPING LIST

Heinz Consommé
Madrilène
Heinz Tomato Ketchup
Heinz India Relish
Heinz Cooked Macaroni
Bacon
Heinz Pure Apple Butter
Rolls
Ice Cream
Coffee
Heinz Mayonnaise
Red Raspberries

(Preparation Time—35 Minutes)

Heinz Chicken Gumbo (Creole) Soup
Melba Sticks
Heinz Fresh Cucumber Pickle
★ **Heinz Cooked Macaroni topped with Buttered Mushrooms.** Heinz Currant Jelly
Fresh Strawberries
Butterscotch Wafers
Iced Tea

★ **HEINZ COOKED MACARONI WITH BUTTERED MUSHROOMS.** Top each serving with a dash of Heinz Currant Jelly. Bake in oven for about 10 minutes. Serve over Heinz Cooked Macaroni, which has been heated in a saucepan. Garnish with parsley and Heinz fresh Cucumber Pickle.

SHOPPING LIST

Heinz Chicken Gumbo (Creole) Soup
Heinz Fresh Cucumber Pickle
Heinz Cooked Macaroni
Butter
Heinz Currant Jelly
Butter
Heinz Pure Olive Oil
Heinz Cider Vinegar
Parsley

22 DELECTABLE KINDS

Consommé
Consommé Madrilène
Vegetable Soup
Vegetable Beef Soup
Corn Chowder
Chicken Noodle Soup
Clam Chowder
Bean Soup with Ham
Cream of Spinach
Cream of Mushroom
Cream of Oyster
Cream of Asparagus
Cream of Green Pea
Cream of Celery
Pepper Pot
Scotch Broth
Mock Turtle
Onion Soup
Chicken Gumbo (Creole)
Genuine Turtle Soup
Chicken with Rice

57

LONG HOURS of wearying toil over a hot stove is bad enough in the winter. In summer it's exhausting. And it's not necessary, either! For you can serve luncheons and dinners as wholesome and appetizing as any you ever ate—and let Heinz cooks do most of the work for you!

The secret is this: plan your meals around a hot dish of Heinz soup! Try some of the menus suggested here. The whole family will applaud you!

Make no mistake—your meals will taste strictly "homemade". For Heinz soups are the home-style kind—all ready to heat and serve. They need no mixing or diluting. The fine, "homey" flavor is brewed in by patient cooking; by careful tending and deft seasoning just as skillful as your own.

Try Heinz Vegetable Soup. Vegetable soup, you know, is America's favorite, and you'll agree that Heinz is by far the best you've ever tasted! That's because we use "blue ribbon" vegetables—the kind that win prizes at county fairs. And they're cooked while absolutely fresh and firm—as they come off vine and stalk! That's why you'll notice Heinz Vegetable Soup has crisp, "just out of the garden" texture, and the fine flavor of dew-dipped vegetables picked right at perfection peak!

Ummmm! Can't you breathe Heinz Vegetable Soup now, steaming its aromatic goodness in the warm summer air? Give yourself this taste thrill. Tell your grocer you want Heinz Home-style Soups—and start genuine enjoyment of your summer meals now!

HIS "TABLETALK" MAKES MOUTHS WATER!
LISTEN to Bill Adams at 11 A.M., E.D.S.T. Columbia Network, Monday—Wednesday—Friday. Hear "Heinz Magazine of the Air"—the program 252 radio editors voted "Best Women's Daytime Show". B.A. Rolfe's Orchestra plays Red Kennedy songs. "Trouble House" serial. Guest stars. Hear it!

**HOME-
STYLE**